

LAST POEMS

JULIA C.R.DORR



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LAST POEMS



From a photograph by the Misses Selby

Julia C. R. Dorr.

LAST POEMS

INCLUDING

AFTERGLOW

AND

BEYOND THE SUNSET

BY
JULIA C. R. DORR

Caroline R. Dorr

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1913

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LAST POEMS

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AFTERGLOW

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BEYOND THE SUNSET

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Published September, 1913



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FOREWORD

THE poems contained in this volume were written by my mother, Mrs. Dorr, during the last fifteen years of her life.

"Afterglow" was published in 1900, and "Beyond the Sunset" followed in 1909. Nearly half of the poems in the latter volume were written between her eightieth and eighty-fifth birthdays, yet they are seldom retrospective and never regretful. She lived in the present and the future, and reaped from the blessed memories of the past inspiration and incentive to more eager and enthusiastic living. Although she had outlived her generation, she was accorded a place as contemporary with the three generations who had read her poems, for she kept herself so in touch and in sympathy with the younger writers, and with the modern progressive thought of the day, that she did not appear to belong with those of her own age.

Her heart was keenly responsive to the call of life, of youth, of love, and of beauty. To her, Autumn was richer than May, and the sunset skies were more splendid than the dawn; the night birds sang their sweetest

for her ear, and she passed from a full appreciation of the beauty and richness of life here, to the realization of the greater glory beyond.

In the twilight of her years she was still writing, with greater deliberation and painstaking care than ever before. Always fearful lest she should pass the zenith of her powers, she sought long and studiously for the one right word that should best express her thought and convey to the ear the melodious, musical rhythm which is one of the characteristics of her verse. It was her friend Stedman who said, "All poetry should be voiced," and it was her choice of words, so admirably suited to the theme, which gave her poems the lyric quality so frequently noted.

During the last few years of her life her work remained long in the seclusion of her desk, to be taken out and retouched from time to time—examined with a fresh eye, even as the painter lingers lovingly over his last canvas, deepening a shadow, or strengthening a high light, to give life and vigor to the picture.

Some years ago, after she had passed her seventieth birthday, when she began to be conscious of the lengthening shadows, and to feel that her day of life was drawing to its close, she prayed that the Spirit of Poesy, the "light of many days," might not forsake

her, for she had "loved her better as the swift years flew." With tender entreaty she wrote:

"Leave me not now when the long shadows fall
Athwart the sunset bars;
Hold thou my soul in thrall
Till it shall answer to a mightier call;
Remain thou with me till the holy night
Puts out the light—
And kindles all the stars!"

The prayer was granted; and in her portfolio were found several poems, the work of the previous summer and fall. These, with such others as have appeared in print since the publication of "Beyond the Sunset," are included herein under the title of "Last Poems."

Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr was born in Charleston, South Carolina, February 13, 1825, and died at her home, "The Maples," in Rutland, Vermont, January 18, 1913.

"O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In His great universe thou art to-day!"

ZULMA DEL. STEELE.

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LAST POEMS

“O STRONG YOUNG RUNNER”

O STRONG young runner in the race of life
Rush not too madly toward the shining goal!
Command thou first the forces of thy soul,
Then gird thy loins up for the utmost strife.
Know thou thyself, nor heed the drum and fife
That light feet follow blithely to their dole;
Yet cower thou not when storm-clouds darkly roll
And biting frosts are cruel as the knife.

Fight, if the God of Battles bids thee fight,—
Yet to thine helm make fast the dove's white wing;
Cherish thy dreams, but keep thine armor bright;
Pray, till thy prayers make heaven's high arches ring;
Speak, if the words be thine, for truth and right;
Sing, if the God within thee bids thee sing!

October 20, 1912.

THREE SONGS

SING me a song of Living,
Exultant, strong and clear;
A song of the joy of Being,
Rolling from sphere to sphere;
A song that the choiring angels
Might lean from heaven to hear!

Sing me a song of Loving,
Tenderly, sweet and low;
Sing of its rose-flushed dawning
And its lingering sunset glow;
Of its heart like a ruby flaming
In the depths of Alpine snow!

Sing me a song of Triumph
Over the mists of death;

THREE SONGS

5

Over the deepening shadows;
Over the failing breath;
Over the lonely valley
Where no voice answereth!

May, 1912.

THE CHOICE

A VOICE came down from regions far away,
Solemn and stern, yet most divinely sweet,
"Choose thou, O Soul, the pathway for thy feet
When thou art done with Earth's bewildering day!
The high gods speak through me. They bid me say
When thou no more shalt hear life's surges beat
Upon the shores of time, nor wake to greet
The glorious morn, high noon, nor twilight gray.

"They give thee leave to choose thy destiny.
Wilt live again in some new sphere, or go
Through the strange paths the living may not know
To utter nothingness?—Yet hear thou me
Ere thou decidest, for the gods decree
Who lives immortally shall never sow
In the new soil the seeds of earthly woe,
Of earthly love, or earthly memory."

And thus I answered: "Give me leave to die
Once and forever, ye who ne'er have known
The might of human love, nor shared its throne,
Tasted its bread and wine, nor lifted high
Its royal banners to the bending sky.

Too sweet, too strong Earth's tender loves have
grown!

Rather than life whence their dear ghosts have flown,
O ye who are immortal, let me die!"

April, 1912.

IN THE POET'S CORNER

(WESTMINSTER)

DEEP in the crowded Sepulchre of kings
What royal dust shall mingle with their own,
While the long centuries on noiseless wings
Each to its destined place fares on alone!
Kings die and are forgotten. Signet rings
Give the last mandate of the carven stone;
And where the mighty sat, a crumbling throne
Lies in the wrack of unremembered things.

To-day disproves the truth of yesterday;
Science denies whereof it once was sure;
Even altar fires have lost their wonted glow:
Yet golden Song still holds its deathless sway
Over the listening earth, and shall endure
Till all the stars in highest heaven burn low!

July and August, 1912.

SONG

YOUR loves have been many,
 Mine but one;
You see each star in heaven,
 I, the Sun.

You have gathered roses
 In each glade;
I from my lone bower
 Ne'er have strayed.

So—farewell, Belovèd!
 We must take
Each our separate pathway—
 For Love's sake.

Yet—in some far country
 It may be,
You will love me only—
 As I thee!

September, 1912.

CRYING FOR THE MOON

"O WHY do you cry, little maid, little maid?

O why do you cry?" said he.

"I cry for the moon, the fair white moon

Far up in the sky," said she.

The wise man frowned; then the wise man smiled,

And a great round laugh laughed he.

"What folly to cry for the moon on high!

Come thou to the beach with me!"

Then he caught her hand in an eager clasp

And down the far slope they flew

To the sands where the gleaming pebbles lay,

And the gray-green tangles grew.

And there he builded a throne for her
Of the driftwood floating by,
With pearly pebbles and golden shells
In a shining heap close by.

But they slipped thro' her fingers, one by one;
A wan little smile smiled she.
"It is better to cry for the moon on high
Than to play with your pebbles," sighed she.

April, 1912.

LARGESS

VITA Nuova! Many a year ago,
 Wailing, I entered by the Gate of Pain,
 The great White City—Life. Did I disdain
Its proffered hospitality, or know
By strange foreknowledge that some herb of woe
 Embitters its best wine, and leaves its stain
 On every lip that dares its cup to drain?—
Yet who, sweet Life, would thy dear gifts forego?
For though the child may struggle for its birth,
 And its first broken utterance be a cry,
 Largess of dawn and starlight comes to all—
Soft airs, dear light, sweet sounds, the joy of earth,
Bird song, and whispering leaves, and clouds that fly,
 And tender loves that hold the heart in thrall!

AWAKENING

Dost thou remember how that one fair day
Dawned just like other days? Earth gave no sign,
Nor did far heaven proclaim the gift divine
It held in store for us, as buds of May
Pledge the year's wealth of fruitage, or as clay
Guards the rich promise of the slumbering vine.
And I—half child—dreamed of no rarer wine
Than Life had poured in my gold cup alway.
Then suddenly, as out of darkling space
One sees the glory of the Evening Star
Clear shining through the cloud-rifts floating by,
Love touched my eyelids and I saw thy face!
That day was in no earthly calendar;
Only God knew it, dear, and thou and I!

THE MORNING STARS

When the morning stars sang together,
And all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

—Job 38 : 7.

DARKNESS and chaos and the formless void:
Till God commanded, "Let there now be light!"
O Morning Stars, with glory overladen
Your choiring voices reached the farthest Night!

Ye were so young then, and the earth was young:
Now both are old, yet memory is long.
What grand star-angel led your mighty chorus?
Who struck the first notes of that deathless song?

Did great Orion, kingliest of ye all,
Lead his proud cohorts up the Milky Way,
Past blazing Mazzaroth and white Antares,
And where in shadowy vales the Pleiads stray?

When Lyra's harp poured forth celestial strains,
With sudden joy did red Arcturus flame,
While Aldebaran and Auriga chanted
The glorious anthem that no tongue can name?

The Sons of God!—O speak, ye Morning Stars!
Why shouted they for joy ere Man was made?
For then as now Jehovah kept his secrets;
No hoary prophet his high trust betrayed.

Perchance they dreamed, and dreaming eyes see far;
The vision splendid knows nor time nor place;
It sees the invisible, all things beholding,
And hears deep voices from unfathomed space.

Perchance even then across their fields of light
Æons on æons passed in long array,
And they by strange foreknowledge pre-awakened,
Saw the on-coming of a far-off day,—

When Man, the yet unborn, would surely reign
After long stress of labor and despair,

Lord of the green-clad earth and mighty ocean,
And all the unconquered forces of the air;

Knew strife would come, anguish and bitter woe;
Knew blood of warring hordes would drench the soil;
Heard in dark dreams the wailing of Earth's children
Driven, half-wakened, to unchildlike toil;

Yet knew God's will must have its destined way,
Love conquer Sin, pale Sorrow lift its head,
Dear earth grow fair as heaven, and Man, triumphant,
Gain the far heights where angels fear to tread!

For this, O Morning Stars, ye sang together;
For this ye shouted, all ye Sons of God!

March, 1912.

IN ROCK CREEK CEMETERY

(SAINT GAUDENS)

YEA, we are mortal! We are but as moths
That flutter in the sunshine for an hour
And then are gone forever. What art thou,
O thou transcendent Wonder, thronèd here
In crownless majesty?—Immortal thou!
The calm of the eternal stars is thine;
The silence of the centuries gone by
And ages yet to come. Nor young, nor old,
Nor man, nor woman art thou! As the gods
Thou sittest with sealed lips, and keepest still
Thine own deep thought inviolate.

We gaze

While the dark shadows deepen, and the wind
Stirs the tall tree-tops eerily. No sound
Comes from the outer world. The place is thine,

And thine the hour, O shrouded Mystery!

Yet thou art not of us, nor of our day.

When the old gods still walked and talked with men

Didst thou not share their counsels, pour their wine?

Zeus may have loved thee, and gay Hermes oft

Flown fast and far to bring thee to his sight;

Thou mayst have sat with Abram in his tent

When the Lord-God sent angels unto him;

Or watched with Memnon when the rose of dawn

Flushed the wide desert spaces, and the air

Grew tremulous with song.

(But the strong sun

Sends his slant arrows through the quivering leaves

And golden radiance floods the silent place—

This holy presence-chamber. Softly now,

All unabashed and smiling unafraid,

A little child strays from its father's side,

Looks in the awesome face confidingly,

And lays one small hand on the moveless knee.

Dare we draw nearer? Come!)

So—thou art—woman!

Angel thou art not, no, nor any god,
Sibyl nor priest, prophet nor patriarch.
Under thy hooded mantle I can see
Thy wavelets of soft hair, like those that lie
On a girl's forehead; and thy unlined brow,
Pregnant with thought unbreathed, betrayeth not
One of thy secrets saving this alone,—
That thou hast loved and suffered.

When pale stars
Are out on moonless, solitary nights,
Dost thou not walk? Dost thou not leave thy throne
To wander up and down these lonely paths
Brooding on all that was, or might have been,
For good or ill in those old years of thine;
Or, haply, on the years that never were—
Dying unshriven? Is it well to be
Immortal as thou art?

O nameless One,
Thou and the Sphinx are silent! Let it pass.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST

Read at the dedication of the memorial to Ann Story, erected by the Vermont Society of Colonial Dames, at Salisbury, Vermont, July 27, 1905.

DRAW near, O Spirit of the Past, draw near,
And let us feel thy living presence here!
With reverent hearts and voices hushed and low,
We wait to hear thy garments' rustling flow.
From all the turmoil of the passing day,
From all the cares that meet us by the way,
From life's deep yearnings, and its strange unrest
When joy and sorrow strive within the breast,
From aspirations that too often seem
Like mocking phantoms of some fevered dream
We turn aside. This hour is thine alone,
And none shall share the grandeur of thy throne.

Ah, thou art here! Beneath these whispering trees
Thy breath floats softly on the passing breeze;
We feel the presence that we cannot see,
And every moment draws us nearer thee.
Could we but see thee with thy solemn eyes,
In those rare depths such wondrous meaning lies—
Thy dark robes sweeping this enchanted ground—
Thy midnight hair with purple pansies crowned—
Thy lip so sadly sweet, thy brow serene!
There is no expectation in thy mien,
For thou art done with dreams. Nor joy nor pain
Can e'er disturb thy placid calm again.
What is this veil that hides thee from our sight?
Breathe it away, thou spirit darkly bright!
Now seven-score times the summer's fragrant blooms
Have laden all the air with sweet perfumes,—
And seven-score times has kindly winter spread
His snowy mantle o'er the violet's bed,
Since on these grassy knolls the quick, sharp stroke
Of the young woodman's axe the silence broke!
Not then did these encircling hills look down
On quaint old farmhouse, or on steepled town;

But the fair Otter as it flowed along
Sang, as it sings to-day, its joyous song,
Biding its time. No bard had sung its praise;
No poet crowned it with immortal bays;
It played no part in legendary lore,
And young romance knew not its winding shore.

But in her own loveliness Nature is glad,
And little she cares for man's smile or his frown;
In the robes of her royalty still she is clad,
Though his eye may behold not her sceptre or crown!
And over our beautiful river the trees
Swayed lightly as now in the frolicsome breeze;
And the tremulous violet lifted its eye
As blue as its own to the laughing blue sky.

The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,
Held up their chalices of gold
To catch the sunshine and the dew,
Gayly as those that bloom for you,
The woods were full of praise and prayer,
Although no human tongue was there,

For every pine and hemlock sung
The grand cathedral aisles among,
And every flower that gemmed the sod
Looked up and whispered,—“Thou art God!”
The brown thrush from its golden throat
Poured out its long, melodious note;
The pigeons cooed; the veery threw
Its mellow trill from spray to spray;
The wild night-hawk its trumpet blew,
And the owl cried, “Tu whit, tu whoo,”
From set of sun to break of day.
High on the tall cliff’s craggy crest
The great bald eagle built its nest;
Down from the hills its thirst to slake,
The deer trod softly through the brake;
The black bear roamed the forest wide,
The fierce wolf tracked the mountain-side,
The red fox barked—a strange, weird sound
That woke the slumbering echoes round,
And the burrowing mink and otter hid
In their holes the tangled roots amid.
Lords of their limitless domain,

Of hill and dale, of mount and plain,
The wild things dreamed not of the hour
When they should own their Master's power.

But he came at last! With a sturdy hand
And a voice of deep and stern command,
With a stately presence, a mien that told
His heart was as true as it was bold,
He came to his own and proclaimed his sway,
And the forest fled from his glance away!
The rightful heir of the regions round,
No golden circlet his forehead crowned,
But he wore his strength with a kingly grace
As he proudly strode to his destined place.

He came at last and with him came
Matron and mother, maiden and dame,
Strong as he in the strength of prayer,
And the might of hope to do and dare!
But ah! There was one who dwelt alone
Unto whom we raise this votive stone—
One who made for her birds a nest

Under yon tall cliff's sheltering crest,
Where her name shall be graved, and her fame endure
As long as the rock stands strong and sure!

Full seven-score years! Could they this day return
How would their inmost hearts within them burn—
How would the earnest, thoughtful, questioning eyes
Find marvels in the earth, and seas, and skies!
Yet could our voices reach the dead whose dust
So long has been their Country's sacred trust,
This truth would be with greatest wonder fraught,—
That they are heroes to our eyes and thought.
For they were men who never dreamed of fame;
They did not toil to make themselves a name;
They little fancied that when years had passed
And the long centuries had died at last,
Another age should make their graves a shrine,
And fresh green chaplets for their memories twine.
They simply strove, as all of us may strive,
Full, earnest lives in sober strength to live:
They did the duty nearest to their hand;
Subdued wild nature as at God's command;

Laid the broad acres open to the sun,
And made fair homes in forests dark and dun;
Built churches, founded schools, established laws,
Kindly and just and true to freedom's cause;
Resisted wrong, and with stout hands and hearts,
In war, as well as peace, played well their parts.
Their men were brave; their women pure and true;
Their sons ashamed no honest work to do;
And while they dreamed no dreams of being great,
They did great deeds and conquered hostile fate!

We laud them, we praise them, we bless them to-day;
At their graves, as their right, grateful homage we pay;
And the laurel-crowned Present comes proudly at last
To kneel by our side at the shrine of the Past!

Hark!—A breath of faint music, a murmur of song!
A form of strange beauty is floating along
On the soft summer air, and the Future draws near
With a light on her young brow unshadowed and clear.
Two garlands she bears in the hands that not yet
Have toiled 'neath the burden and heat of the day;
Lo! both are of amaranth, fragrant and wet

With the dew of remembrance, and fadeless alway!
Oh! well may we hush our vain babblings—and wait!
He who merits the crown wears it sooner or late!
On the brow of the Present,—the grave of the Past,
The wreaths they have earned shall rest surely at last!

AFTERGLOW

TO S. M. D.



If love could wing its flight
To yon far realm of light,
Fain would I bring to you.
O tender heart and true,
These spoils of later years,
Half sunshine and half tears!

INCONSISTENCY

I

WHEN dawns some day fairer than other days,
And all the mountain passes are aglow
With its supernal splendor, and the low,
Dim valleys sleeping in the woodland ways
Waken to glorious life at morn's first rays,—
When happy birds sing, and all winds that blow,
Laden with seeds of blessing come and go,
And earth no secret of her woe betrays,—
Then, O belovèd, when my heart is light
And all is well with me, and pain and care
Have vanished as a dream of last year's rose
Fades with the passing of a summer night,
My soul in ecstasy of love and prayer
Cries: "God, I thank thee that he knows, he
knows!"

II

But on some other day, when skies unroll
 Their storm-cloud banners only, and the beat
 Of the wild tempest is like hurrying feet
That stay not, halt not, till they reach the goal;
When doubt and dread assail my fainting soul,
 And, when I fain God's mercy would entreat,
 Even the prayers my trembling lips repeat
Seem like the clamor of harsh bells that toll—
Then, thinking of thee in some far, dim realm,—
 Dim to our senses, glorious to thine,—
 Where never once a cruel wind doth blow,
Nor storm, nor stress, come near thee to o'erwhelm,
I lift mine eyes unto the hills divine,
And cry: "Thank God, thank God, he does not
 know!"

WHOM THE GODS LOVE

I

"WHOM the Gods love die young"? Nay, rather say
With bated breath, "Whom the Gods love die
old!"

Shall the morn pale ere it hath coined its gold?
The sun go down while yet it is full day?
The statue sleep unmoulded in the clay?
The parchment crumble ere it is unrolled?
The story end with half the tale untold?
The song drop mute and breathless by the way?
Oh, weep for Adonais when he dies
With all youth's lofty promise unfulfilled,
Its splendor lost in sudden drear eclipse!
With love unlived and dreams half dreamed he lies,
All the red wine from life's gold chalice spilled
Ere its bright brim hath touched his eager lips!

II

Whom the Gods love die old! O life, dear life,
Let the old sing thy praises, for they know
How year by year the summers come and go,
Each with its own abounding sweetness rife!
They know, though frosts be cruel as the knife,
Yet with each June the perfect rose shall blow,
And daisies blossom and the green grass grow,
Triumphant still, unvexed by storm or strife.
They know that night more splendid is than day;
That sunset skies flame in the gathering dark,
And the deep waters change to molten gold;
They know that Autumn richer is than May;
They hear the night-birds singing like the lark—
Ah, life, sweet life, whom the Gods love die old!

HUSH!

OH, hush thee, Earth! Fold thou thy weary palms!

The sunset glory fadeth in the west;

The purple splendor leaves the mountain's crest;

Gray twilight comes as one who beareth alms,

Darkness and silence and delicious calms.

Take thou the gift, O Earth! on Night's soft breast

Lay thy tired head and sink to dreamless rest,

Lulled by the music of her evening psalms.

Cool darkness, silence, and the holy stars,

Long shadows when the pale moon soars on
high,

One far, lone night-bird singing from the hill,

And utter rest from Day's discordant jars;

O soul of mine! when the long night draws
nigh

Will such deep peace thine inmost being fill?

THY SONGS AND MINE

SING thou my songs for me when I am dead!
Soul of my soul, some day thou wilt awake
To see the morning on the hilltops break,
And the far summits flame with rosy red—
But I shall wake not, though above my head
Armies should thunder; nor for Love's sweet sake,
Though he the tenderest pilgrimage should make
Where I am lying in my grassy bed.
I shall be silent, with my song half sung;
I shall be dumb, with half the story told;
I shall be mute, leaving the half unsaid.
Take thou the harp ere yet it be unstrung—
Wake thou the lyre ere yet its chords be cold—
Sing thou my songs, and thine, when I am dead!

A POET'S WIFE

TO L. A.

WHEN first I saw thy face, I found thee fair,
Dainty and fragrant as a perfect rose
That in some sweet, secluded garden grows.
Thou didst remind me of a jewel rare
Most fitly set; a pearl a king might wear
When, in high banquet-halls at daylight's close,
On blazoned walls a softened splendor glows,
And pulsing music thrills the enchanted air.
Again we met, one sullen wintry day;
We talked of life and love, of sorrow's night,
Of death's dark why and wherefore, till thine eyes
Grew deep with thought and prayer. Then said I,
"Nay!
Why should thy rare bard mourn the Goddess'
flight?
This muse shall lure him to song's upper skies!"

“DO THEY MEASURE TIME WHERE
THOU ART ?”

Do they measure time where thou art? Dost thou
know

How the immutable, relentless years,
Delaying not for human hopes or fears,
In long processions still come and go?
When, as of old, thy summer roses blow,
Art thou aware, thou who art done with tears?
O blessed habitant of other spheres,
Takest thou heed of Earth's hoar-frost and snow?
We count the years, and tell them, one by one,
Since thy feet trod the path where silence is;
How oft the harvest moon has waned! we say.
Dost thou remember when thy rest was won?
Or art thou like to the high Gods in this,
That unto thee a year is but a day?

THE WISE MEN

YE happy stars, that o'er the desert wold
Saw Jasper, Melchior, and Balthazar
 Bearing rich gifts and offerings from afar
(Sweet Orient spices, gems, and burning gold)
To Bethlehem's manger, where the Child foretold
 By seer and prophet slept beneath his star,—
 Fill with glad song the blue depths where ye are,
Singing as sang the morning stars of old!
Lo! once again the wise men from the East,
 Crossing the desert and the rolling main
 And the high mountains, bid their eyes behold
The glory of the Lord! To his great feast
 Thronging they press, the eager, mystic train,
 Giving and taking wine and oil untold!

A KNIGHT-ERRANT

LET me not weep! Thou wert as true a knight
As ever yet laid his proud lance in rest
For tilt or tournament, or wore his crest
Of blazoned splendor in the thickest fight!
When trumpets blared, in all thine armor dight,
Forth didst thou fare to do thy lord's behest,
Nor shrank from fiercest field, nor hardest quest,
Keeping his banner ever in thy sight.

If now thy liege hath further need of thee
In the high courts of some wide realm afar,
Where in fair state his best and noblest are,
Shall I bewail thee with my woman's tears?

Nay! Go thou on at his most wise decree,
And dwell triumphant in those higher spheres!

THE COUNTERSIGN

How shall I know thee when we two shall meet
In the vast spaces where the dead abide?
Never on earth shall we stand side by side.
I have not heard thy voice, nor the quick beat
Of thy glad footsteps in the hurrying street;
Nor have I seen thy face; nor, in the wide,
Deep silences where prayer is justified,
Have we two knelt God's dear love to entreat.
Then by what strange, mysterious countersign,
What mystic shibboleth, will thy strong soul
Recognize mine in that transcendent hour
When, face to face on some fair mount divine,
We see far off the mighty planets roll,
Love and immortal life our deathless dower?

THE DOWER

THE whole wide earth, O poet, is thy dower!
Claim thou its affluence as by right divine.
For thee suns rise and set, and clear stars shine,
Old ocean rolls, and far heights heavenward tower.
The thrush and nightingale, and every flower
Of every clime and every age, are thine;
All Gods shall fill thy golden cup with wine,
All prophets pledge thee in the uplifted hour!
Thine are the mysteries of life and death:
All loves, all joys, all passion, and all pain,
Temptations shared not, sins thou hast not
known,
False hopes, frail raptures trembling at a breath,
The hero's ecstasy, the martyr's gain,
The high prayer soaring to the Great White
Throne!

SUPPLICATION

FORSAKE me not, O Light of many days!

Low sinks the westering sun ;

An amethystine haze

Flushes with purple all the upland ways ;

The shadows lengthen in the twilight glow,

And well I know

That day is almost done!

Thou whom I worshipped when my life was new,

Say not that we must part !

I have been leal and true,

Loving thee better as the swift years flew,

With such pure homage that nor time nor change

Could e'er estrange

From thee my constant heart.

When I was but a child I heard thy voice,
And followed thee afar
In humble, happy choice,
Content in this far following to rejoice;
Didst thou but whisper, heaven and earth grew bright
With holy light,
Clearer than sun or star.

I dared not kiss thy garment's hem, nor lay
One pale flower at thy feet:
It was enough to stray
In a child's dream of thee by night, by day,
In tremulous ecstasy to feel thee near,
And half in fear,
Half joy, thy coming greet.

For thou wert one with nature. All things fair
Spoke to my soul of thee:
The azure depths of air,
Sunrise, and starbeam, and the moonlight rare,
Splendor of summer, winter's frost and snow,
Autumn's rich glow,
Bird, river, flower, and tree.

Thou wert in love's first whisper, and the slow
 Thrill of its dying kiss;
 In the strong ebb and flow
Of the resistless tides of joy and woe;
In life's supremest hour thou hadst a share,
 Its stress of prayer,
 Its rapturous trance of bliss!

Leave me not now when the long shadows fall
 Athwart the sunset bars;
 Hold thou my soul in thrall
Till it shall answer to a mightier call;
Remain thou with me till the holy night
 Puts out the light—
 And kindles all the stars!

THE COMRADES

THE SOUL TO THE BODY

COMRADE, art thou weary?
Hath the way been long?
Dost thou faint and falter—
Thou, who wert so strong?

Ah, I well remember
How, when life was young,
Forth we fared together,
Glad of heart and tongue.

Then no height appalled thee;
Thou didst mount and sing
With the joyous ardor
Of a bird on wing!

Once thou wert the stronger—

Led me by thy will;

I obeyed thy mandates,

Gloried in thy skill;

Owed thee much, and loved thee,

Half the joy of living

(Comrade, dost thou hear me?)

Hath been of thy giving.

Think what thou has brought me!

All that eye hath seen—

Glow of dawn and sunset;

Starlight's silver sheen;

All the pomp and splendor

Of the summer day;

Gleam of sparkling waters

Leaping in their play;

Night and storm and darkness;

Mountains high and hoar;

Ocean billows sweeping

On from shore to shore!

Think of what I owe thee!
Fragrance of the rose,
Breath of odorous lily
And each flower that blows;

Song of thrush and veery
Deep in woodland bowers;
Chime of sweet bells pealing
From cathedral towers;

Love's most dear caresses,
Touch of lip and cheek,
Throb of heart revealing
What no tongue can speak!

Lifelong friend and comrade,
Twin-born brother, thou,
Think how thou hast served me—
Let me serve thee now!

Let my strength uphold thee
As thine own strength fails,
As the way grows steeper
And the night prevails.

Cheer thee, cheer thee, comrade!

Drink thou of my wine;

Lo! the cup I bring thee

Holds a draught divine!

AN AFTERTHOUGHT

THE BODY TO THE SOUL

TOGETHER still, old comrade—thou and I!
From out the dark, drear places,
The awful, rayless spaces,
Where only storms and dreadful shapes swept by,
We have come forth again
Into the world of men,
Have seen the darkness vanish, and the day
Drive night away!

Art thou not glad? Is it not good to be
Alive on this green earth,
This realm of home and hearth?
Is it not good for thee as well as me?
Oh, earth is warm and dear;
Its touch is close and near;
And the unknown is cold and dim, and far
As any star!

Speak thou, O soul! Art thou not glad to-day
That we are still together
In the clear summer weather?
Can see the shadows on the mountains play,
The glory of the trees,
The splendor of the seas,
The pomp of dawn and sunset, and the fair
Blue fields of air?

Hark, how the birds are singing! and I hear
From shrub and flower and tree
The humming of the bee,
Nature's melodious chanting soft and clear,
The breath of winds that pass
Over the bending grass,
Childhood's blithe laughter, and the sweet
Fall of its feet!

Thank God! thank God! Comrade, rejoice with me
In that I still am here
Where life and love are dear,
And as of old clasp loyal hands with thee!

.

And yet—and yet—
I cannot quite forget
That thou didst fail me in mine hour of need,
Nor gave me heed!

Ah, whither didst thou flee what time I lay
In the unfathomed dark?
Soul, didst thou find an ark
Secure and safe until the dawn of day,
Forgetting thou hadst sworn
An oath not yet outworn,
To stay me with thy strength, to bring me wine
From hills divine?

But—I forgive thee! It may be that thou,
Even as I, wert bound
Beyond all ken, or sound,
Or faintest memory of earthly vow.
So, hand in hand, old friend,
Until the path shall end,
We will fare on together, thou and I,
Counting the stars on high!

THE SANCTUARY LAMP

THUS spake the lady abbess, as the nuns
Passed, two by two, through the wide cloister gate
Whereon were carven figures of dead saints
And kneeling women bearing in their hands
Ascension lilies: "Go ye one and all
To the confessional, and shrive yourselves;
Then kneel at the high altar, and pray ye
For one who lieth very near to death."
Then the pale nuns, with sudden, swift accord,
Made each the mystic token of the cross,
And passed on silently, save one—the last,
Who walked alone, the eldest of the house.
"Is it the novice?" said she, speaking low.
"Let others pray! I will keep watch with thee."

“Nay, it is not the novice. She does well,”
The abbess made hushed answer; “come with me.”
Down the long corridor she swept in haste,
Her robe a trailing shadow, her dark veil
Floating behind her, and her snowy band
A white flame on her forehead, till she paused
At a low door set in the eastern wall;
Then turned and whispered: “She hath come at last,
Our great Queen Berengaria, to die
In the fair abbey she hath builded well.
Enter, but speak not, for mayhap she sleeps.”

The white, hushed room was like a temple dim
With floating incense; for the lamp burnt low,
And through the latticed casement softly stole
The night wind heavy with the fragrant breath
Of rose and violet. On a low couch
Lay the fair woman Cœur de Lion loved,
And all the golden splendor of her hair,
Unbound, unbraided, rippled to the floor
Like waves of sunshine in a shady glen;
And all her eyes' blue splendor lit the place,

Mocking the flame that burnt upon her cheek.
"Ah! never death wore such fair guise before,
If this be death," Assunta said, and wept;
Yet in her heart believed not it was death,
So like it seemed to flush of youth and health.
But the wise abbess knew, for she had gone
With many a one to the extremest verge
Of the dark vale where soul and body part.
Swiftly she crossed the chamber, and knelt down
To touch the hot lips of the queen with wine;
Then drew Assunta nearer, whispering: "Look!
Her poor wits wander! She would braid her hair
As for a festival." For in and out
Through the long, golden meshes of her hair
Her trembling fingers strayed continuously,
Weaving the shining strands.

"Nay, my sweet Queen,"

The abbess said, stilling the restless hands,
"I am your tire-woman! Be it mine
To bind these heavy tresses. Rest, dear heart."
But Berengaria smiled. "My wits stray not,
Dear Mother Abbess. Gather you my hair

In one thick coil—thus—and lay the rope
Here in my hand. Now from my casket there
Reach me the jewelled blade King Richard wore
What time he fought with Saladin and drove
Him out from Ascalon. He gave it me,
With jest and laughter, one short hour before
Proud Fanuelle fell—slain by the Saracens.”
Then, lifting her right arm, with one swift stroke
She severed the bright tresses, and fell back
Unnerved, and pallid as a wan, white ghost
That walks at midnight.

When her heart once more
Sent the red current tingling through her veins,
Again she spake: “Dear Abbess, give me leave
For this one night to rule thy flock and thee!
Go thou, Assunta, and with no delay
Bring thou twelve sisters hither—they who are
Of all your house most light and deft of touch,
Swiftest to learn and do.”

And soon the nuns
Entered the chamber as it were a shrine,

Crossing themselves and kneeling, one by one.
"Do me this grace, my sisters," said the queen.
"For this one night your wonted rest forego,
And do my bidding. Take this coil of hair—
O golden waves Richard so oft hath kissed! —
And braid twelve slender chains as soft as silk;
Then braid the twelve together."

All night long

The pale nuns bent them to their lovely task,
Nor spake one to another. Silently
The gold chains lengthened, while the lamps burnt
clear,
Making still radiance in the quiet room;
And Berengaria lay with folded palms,
Patiently waiting. Once a night-bird sang
Outside the casement, and she, hearkening, smiled.
Just as the dawn was breaking, in her hands
They laid a shining rope as soft as silk,
But strong as hempen cable.

"List ye all,"

Then said the queen, as round her slender wrist
She wound its golden length caressingly,

Laid it against her cheek, and to her breast
Pressed it with two white hands and held it close.
“ My liege lord sleeps in Fontevraud, and there
Above his tomb hang ye a jewelled lamp
Swinging from this fair chain—sole part of me
That age can wither not, nor time deface!
Let the lamp burn with ever-during flame.
But lay my body in the abbey here ;
It shall not lie where he who loved it so—”

She ceased, and reverently the kneeling nuns
Waited the moment she should further speak ;
And as they listened, lo ! the nightingale
Wailed faintly in the distance, and a lark
Filled the new day with ecstasy of song.

AFTER THE MAGNIFICAT

I, MARY, unto whom the angel bore,
 That wondrous, moonlit night,
 On wings of light,
Message no mortal ever heard before,
 Waking me from the sleep
 Of maiden dreams, to weep
And smile in startled wonder—could I know
 It meant such woe?

“Blessèd” the angel called me. I *am* blest!
 Let no man dare to say
 I am not, who can lay
My Holy Child’s fair head upon my breast.
 He is mine own, mine own!
 Let my lips make no moan
While it is theirs his brow, his lips, to kiss,
 Like this—like this!

And yet—and yet—at first I did not know!

I was as others are—

A child with life afar,

A maiden dreaming in the dawn's young glow ;

And when the angel came,

Calling me by my name,

And told me what should be, I lifted up

My hands and took the cup!

Then came the slow, strange hours when in me grew

Sense of diviner things.

My soul found wings,

And from its nest on mighty pinions flew ;

Sang the exulting song

That ages shall prolong—

Sang the Magnificat, and did not shrink

From the flood's brink!

But now, O mothers, I have grown too wise!

What say the prophets old

In scriptures manifold?

A dove that hath no nest beneath the skies ;

A lamb to slaughter led ;
A king with uncrowned head ;
A man acquaint with grief—who knows
All human woes!

Despised—rejected—and that sharper word,
Forsaken! Let me be,
Ye who would comfort me!
That word strikes deeper than a two-edged sword.
My little one, my child,
Forgive me that I smiled
When the proud Magi brought their gifts to thee
On bended knee!

Dost thou know what is coming? In thine eyes,
That seem to look afar,
Where God's own secrets are,
There grows a kindling wonder and surprise.
Thou art mine Holy One,
Yet, though high heaven be won,
I am thy mother! Smile upon me, sweet,
Here at thy feet!

THREE CROSSES

THERE were three crosses on the hill,
Three shadows downward thrown ;
O Mary Mother, heard you not
The other mothers' moan ?

Your Son—he was the Holy One
Whom angels comforted ;
They touched his lips with heavenly wine
In those dark hours of dread !

For him all nature mourned ; the sun
Veiled its resplendent face ;
Darkness and tumult for his sake
Filled all the awful space.

And you—the sword that pierced your heart
Grave prophets had foretold ;
You saw the crown above the cross,
Clear shining as of old !

O Mary Mother, sitting now
Enthroned beside your Son,
You knew even then the glorious end
For which the deed was done !

You saw the ages bending low
In homage at his feet ;
You heard the songs of triumph,
And the music piercing sweet.

Three crosses on dark Calvary's hill,
Three awful shadows thrown ;
Three mothers, faint with anguish sore,
Making to God their moan.

But they, those other mothers, who
Bent down to comfort them ?
They cowered afar ; they had not dared
To touch your garment's hem.

Even if in mockery, your Son
Was crowned and hailed as king;
While theirs—disgraced, dishonored they,
Past all imagining!

They loved like you; their sons had lain
Like yours in sinless rest,
Cradled to slumber, soft and deep,
On each fond, faithful breast.

Yet now the terror and the shame,
The agony untold,
The deathless mother-love, unquenched
By horrors manifold!

Three crosses on the dreadful hill,
Three shadows downward thrown;
Mother of Sorrows, thou hast borne
Not one sharp pang alone!

ON THE HEIGHT

LIKE some great Merlin of an elder day,
In robes of glistening samite clasped with pearl,
White-haired, white-bearded, self-contained, and lone,
Thy radiant forehead lifted to the skies,
Majestic in pure splendor, thou dost sit,
Monarch of mountains, while the lesser kings,—
Only less kingly than thyself,—as if
In some high presence-chamber, proudly wait,
On either hand, the setting of the sun.
Far in the kindling west the globe of fire
Sinks slowly out of sight. The rich clouds fade;
The glory dies; earth shivers and is still.
Behold! thou too art growing gray with eld
When the swift afterglow, like living flame,
Crowns thee with rubies, wraps thee in soft robes
Pink-white and tender as blush roses are,
And thou art beautiful as love's young dream!

What though the fair dream vanish as it came?
Lo! as I gaze with half-suspended breath,
The heavens open, and above thy brow
Jupiter blazes in the darkening skies,
Brightest of all thy diadem of stars.

Winter and silence and fast-gathering night!
Dost thou remember—thou who now no more
Answerest by word or token to my cry—
Dost thou remember one fair summer eve,
Long, long ago, ere winter nights came down,
When thou and I scaled yon far mountain height,
And climbed its highest peak, and stood alone,
Hand clasped in hand, heart beating close to heart,
Poised between earth and sky? Beneath us rolled,
Like ocean waves when all the winds are still,
Billows of verdure to the horizon's verge;
Green, dimpled valleys, interlaced with streams;
Fair silver lakes, all tremulous with stars;
And multitudinous mountains, far and near,
Encompassing the whole. All this we saw,
Then turned and saw each other—which was more!

WHEN SPENSER DIED

THUS spake my Lord of Essex on the day
When, after woful stress, rare Spenser died :
“ Now give ye heed, my lieges! Ye shall lay
My Spenser forth in splendor and in pride,
With rich array of banners floating wide,
And pomp of sable plumes, and scutcheons fair.
Let kind Death yield him what stern Life denied!
Then bear him to the abbey’s holy air,
That he the sepulchre of buried kings may share!”

They laid him forth. Then up the mighty nave,
Hung with rich tapestries that to and fro
Waved softly in the scented air, all brave
With dim, historic splendors, to the flow

Of rolling music, tremulous and slow,
With solemn liturgies and chantings clear,
Through the vast arches echoing soft and low,
They bore him onward to the silence drear,
While kings and priests of song walked by his stately
bier.

With tender hands the velvet pall they bore,
Wrought with rich arabesques of silver sheen,
Its silver fringes sweeping the dark floor
Of the gray, pillared aisles they moved between ;
Nor paused until, with proud yet reverent mien,
Where Chaucer slept they lowered him to his rest ;
Then gently dropped into the void unseen
Odes, for spring flowers, to die upon his breast
In fragrant, voiceless speech, that still their love
confessed.

And, ere they left him to his long repose,
Into the brooding dark each poet cast
The pen his verse was writ with. Ah! who knows?
The years are silent, and the hoary past ;

And Fame's far trump hath no resounding blast
Heralding name or state. Yet make ye room,
O mighty shades, for one, the first and last
And mightiest of ye all! In Spenser's tomb
Mayhap our Shakespeare's pen yet lights the murky
gloom!

LOOKING TOWARD SPAIN

I STAND on a rocky headland
Far out in the deep blue main,
And only its tremulous splendor
Lies between me and Spain.

Behind me the pine-tree forest,
Singing the old refrain ;
Before, the exulting billows
And the far dreamland of Spain.

On the red rocks dash the breakers ;
Their spray is a blinding rain ;
My hair is wet with the sea-foam,
But the wind blows straight from Spain.

Hark to the roar and the tumult
And the cries like a soul in pain!
But beyond is the calm and the silence,
And the beautiful land of Spain.

Afar, on the dim horizon,
I watch with a yearning vain
Yon fair ship gallantly sailing
Straight on to the ports of Spain.

And it's oh, for the splendid castles,
And the light on tower and fane,
And the mystical, magical glory
Of the marvellous realm of Spain!

Night falls on the rocky headland
As day and its splendors wane,
While o'er the dark waters the moonlight
Is building a bridge to Spain.

But I think with an infinite longing
Of the hopes that no longer reign,
Of the dreams that are past fulfilment,
Unless on thy shores, O Spain!

INSTALLATION HYMN

SING aloud, O happy voices!

Fill the air with joyful praise,
While each grateful heart rejoices
In the gift that crowns our days.

Sing for joy, but let your singing
To the heights of prayer upreach;
To thy throne, O God, are winging
Thoughts too vast for human speech.

Yet for him whom thou hast sent us
Now with yearning hearts we pray;
Keep thou him whom thou hast lent us,
Father, near to thee alway.

When his heart grows faint and weary,
 Strengthen him with heavenly wine;
 If his path grows dark or dreary,
 Lighten it with light divine.

When the spirit, Lord, is willing,
 Though the shrinking heart is weak,
 Let thy voice, all tempests stilling,
 Blessèd words of comfort speak.

When he kneels beside our dying,
 When he lays our dead away,
 In our anguish and our crying,
 Teach thou him what words to say.

When before thy holy altar
 He shall pour the sacred wine,
 Let his strong hand never falter,
 Holding fast to hand of thine.

Now on pastor and on people,
 Lord, thy fullest blessing pour,
 While the bell from out the steeple
 Rings in peace forevermore.

THE SACRAMENTAL HYMN

“And when they had sung a hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives.”

OH, to have heard that hymn
Float through the chamber dim,
Float through that “upper room,”
Hushed in the twilight gloom!
Up the dark, starry skies
Rolled the deep harmonies;—
Angels who heard the strain,
How ran the high refrain?

How rose the holy song?
Triumphant, clear, and strong,
As a glad bird uplift
Over the wild sea-drift?

Or was its liquid flow
Tremulous, sad, and slow—
Presage and prophecy
Of lone Gethsemane?

Was it a lofty psalm,
Foretelling crown and palm?
Soared it to heights of prayer
On the still, vibrant air?
When the last feast was spread,
And the last words were said,
Sang the Lord Christ the hymn
In the old chamber dim?

LESSONS TWAIN

JUST two things you knew,
Little one who flew
Like a dove to heaven
One fair summer even :
Love and pain. These two
Held Life's lore for you!

Child, do we know more?
Earth for you is o'er ;
All that it hath brought you,
All that it hath taught you ;
Lessons twain for thee—
How much more know we?

OUTLIVED

Not alone the trembling stars
Glimmering through their cloudy bars ;
Not alone yon mountain height
Firm in adamantine might ;
Not alone the rolling seas
Dread with awful mysteries ;
Nor the green earth, lying fair
Under smiling depths of air ;
Nor the lofty towers that man,
Strong to do and wise to plan,
Hath reared proudly, stone by stone,
To the heavens—not these alone
Have outlived thee, thou whose dust
Earth hath held in sacred trust,
While a century hath shed
Countless blooms above thy head.

Thou art dust, but toys remain
Fragile as a daisy-chain ;
Trifles light as thistle-down
Or the dandelion's crown!
Here's the cup that held your wine,
Frail and flower-like, thin and fine ;
Here's the beaker whose slight rim
Reddened when you kissed the brim ;
Here's the glass that held your face
Mirrored in its curving grace ;
Linen wrought with dainty care ;
Laces delicate as air ;
Letters where your name is set,
Holding subtle fragrance yet ;—
Thou art dust, while toys remain
Fragile as a daisy-chain !

JACQUES AND SUZETTE

THERE you sit in a niche together,
Out of the reach of wind and weather,
Looking down on a fierce bronze dragon,
A cloisonné vase, and a gilded flagon,
The opal gleam of a Venice glass,
A chamois climbing an Alpine pass,
An ivory boat from far Japan,
An odorous flask from Ispahan,
And a host of things—
Trifles that last while Life takes wings!

O chère Suzette, what years have flown
Since you and Jacques were together thrown,
And loved and quarrelled, and loved again—
The old, old fate of dames and men!

But there you sit in your carven shrine,
With never a thought of me or mine,
Even though beset
By your great-great-grandchildren, belle Suzette!

Puffed and powdered your golden hair
Gleaming under the rose you wear,
One long, loose curl drooping low
Over your bosom's tender snow ;
Arching eyebrows, and smiling lips
Red as the rose the wild bee sips—
Thus, even yet,
I see and I know you, chère Suzette!

White puffed sleeves and a fall of lace,
Lending your figure girlish grace ;
Purple bodice that gems bedeck ;
A string of amethysts round your neck ;
Plenty of furbelows to show
How you plumed your gay wings long ago,
Lady Suzette,
In the days when youth and pleasure met.

But, Grand-père Jacques, with your curled brown
wig,

And your broad white kerchief, trim and trig,
Out of which rises your shaven chin,
With your delicate lips and your nostrils thin,
And a certain self-confident, high-bred air,
Smiling and gallant and debonair—

I wonder yet
If she made your heart ache, this Suzette?

Or perhaps, monsieur, 'twas the other way;
For she was jealous and you were gay,
And under that frill of falling snow
A passionate heart beat warm, I know
Dear Grand-père Jacques, I doubt if you
Were undeniably good and true;

Did you make her fret,
Though you called her gently, "Ma chère
Suzette"?

Ye do not answer, O smiling lips!
From the silent past no answer slips.

Quaint letters more than a century old
Hint at romances that might be told;
But dust and ashes are all who knew
How life fared on between you two,
 Jacques and Suzette,
Or how its warp and its woof were set.

Nay, nay, dear hearts, I will vex you not;
Be your loves, or glad or sad, forgot!
Keep ye your secrets an you will,
Sitting up yonder calm and still,
Side by side in a niche together,
Out of the reach of stormy weather,
 And whispering yet,
“Mon ami Jacques!” “Ma chère Suzette!”

AT BAR HARBOR

"PEACE be within thy walls!" the prophet cried
In far Jerusalem when time was young;
O steadfast tower the changeful sea beside,
What sweeter words were ever said or sung!

Peace to thy walls! I cry with him of old;
Peace that no storm disturbs, no tempest mars;
May each glad morning bring to thee its gold,
Each tranquil night its benison of stars!

And peace to her, of this fair realm the queen,
Who bade thee rise where rolls the blue salt sea;
Give her thy strength, ye spires of living green,
Thy deathless joy, O Ocean, wild and free!

HUBERT DE BURGH

“ MAKE ready my war-ships,” cried Blanche of Castile ;
“ Make them stanch and well ordered from topmast
to keel ;

Then over the Channel in haste bid them dance,
Bearing aid to my Louis, fair Louis of France ! ”

There were eighty good ships, but with forty or less
Brave Hubert de Burgh dared the storm and the
stress ;

At the mouth of the Thames he encountered them all,
Overcame the proud Frenchmen and held them in
thrall.

He sent Louis home with his lilies all torn,
His banners all drooping, his glory all shorn ;
And the bold English barons made haste to declare
That Hubert de Burgh royal honors should share.

But alack and alas! for one dark day there rose
A clashing, a clamor, a tumult of foes,
Crying, "Death to Earl Hubert! With magical art
And unholy spells he hath won the king's heart!"

Straightway to the altar then fled he, and laid
His hand on the cross, as of old on his blade;
But fast his foes followed, like wolves on the track,
When the aisles of the forest with shadows are black!

They stayed not for candle, for book, nor for bell,
For the holy rood's chrism, the crosier's high spell;
From the chancel they dragged him forth into the
night,

While the stars veiled their faces and fled from the sight.

With clashing of broadswords above his bare head,
They haled and they harried him, sorely bestead,
Till they reached a brown smithy afar on the green,
Two pendulous, wide-spreading lindens between.

Then they cried to the blacksmith, with jeer and with
shout:

"Ho, varlet! from this your grim fortress come out,

And forge us some fetters both heavy and strong,—
Chain-armor for one who shall wear it full long!”

Forth came the swart yeoman, and bent a low knee,
But not to that wild crew obeisance made he!
He knelt to Earl Hubert and kissed his cold hand,
Then rose and confronted the murderous band.

“If I forge ye one bolt for Earl Hubert, who drave
The French from our land and their ships from the
 wave,
May my strong arm be palsied, my hand lose its skill.
I have but one life; take it now an ye will!”

They thundered and cursed, but unflinching he stood,
As with courage undaunted he faced the mad brood;
And to every fierce menace one answer he gave:
“I forge ye no fetters for Hubert the brave!”

No chains for brave Hubert! The night wore away.
Birds twittered, mists lifted, the morning grew gray,
Ere, sullenly leaving the smithy's low door,
To the Tower, but unfettered, Earl Hubert they bore.

CHRISTIANA

SHE is wayworn, she is weary ;
 She hath journeyed long and far,
In the dawning, and at noonday,
 And beneath the evening star.

She hath carried heavy burdens ;
 She hath borne another's load ;
She hath shared her herbs and lentils
 With those fainting on the road.

Take her scrip and loose her sandals ;
 Bring cool water for her feet ;
Lave her tired limbs, and fold them
 In fair linen, fresh and sweet.

Part the soft hair on her forehead ;
 Lightly touch the drifted snow,
That was like the golden sunshine
 In rare summers long ago.

Whisper softly, for she sleepeth !
 Lay her pale hands on her breast.
Do not wake her ! Lift her gently,
 Lest you break this perfect rest.

Bear her to the upper chamber ;
 Let the sound of weeping cease ;
For it looketh toward the sunrise,
 And the chamber's name is — *Peace*.

THE CHAMBER

Room where I so oft have slept,
Room where I so oft have wept,
Room wherein my dead have lain,
Wrapped away from care and pain,
When my earthly day is done,
Burdens dropped and rest begun,
Life and thought and being fled—
Who will love thee in my stead?

Who will make thee fair and sweet,
Bid the sun thy casements greet,
Open all thy windows fair
To the incense-laden air?
From the garden bring the rose,
And at daylight's dreamy close

See the moon's pale splendor fall
On the chamber's inmost wall?

I would charm thee, if I could,
Unto all that's bright and good,
For her sake who after me
Sometime shall find rest in thee.
I would weave a spell so rare—
Half a rhyme and half a prayer—
That nor grief nor pain nor sin
Through thy doors should enter in!

If she dreameth maiden dreams,
Be they calm as sunlit streams;
If in some far, golden year
A young mother shall lie here
With a fair child on her breast,
Cradled into softest rest,
Lo! I charge thee, for my sake,
Holy care of her to take!

If some woman, half dismayed,
Here shall see her beauty fade,

See a shadow slowly pass
O'er her image in the glass,
Comfort her, I pray thee! Spread
Wings of peace above her head;
Bid thine angels guard to keep
Over her, the while I sleep!

"IN MANUS TUAS, DOMINE!"

THE glow has faded from the west,
The splendor from the mountain's crest;
Stern Day's relentless task is done,
And Nature rests at set of sun.
But ere she shuts her weary eyes,
Soothed as by airs of Paradise,
She softly prays on bended knee,

"In manus tuas, Domine!"

O silent hours, how dear ye are!
There is no light of moon or star;
The twilight shadows slowly creep
From rock to rock, from steep to steep;
The trees stand breathless on the hill,
The restless winds are hushed and still;
Only one prayer from land and sea:

"In manus tuas, Domine!"

And, O my soul, be sure when night
In God's good time puts out the light,
And draws the curtains soft and dim
Round weary head and heart and limb,
You will be glad! But ere you go
To sleep that no rude dreams shall know,
Be this prayer said for you and me:

"In manus tuas, Domine!"

THE CITY CALLED CHU

THERE's a brave little captain goes sailing
Day by day o'er an ocean blue.
"Whither bound?" I demand, and he answers:
"I sail for the city called Chu!"

'Tis a wonderful ship that he sails in,
And 'tis manned by a wonderful crew,
But all tides that flow bear it onward
To the ports of the city called Chu.

It hath masts mortal hand never fashioned;
It hath sails earthly winds never blew;
And its keel and its rudder know only
The way to the city called Chu.

Oh, tell me, my brave little captain,
So ready to dare and to do,
What you find when you reach the fair city—
The marvellous city called Chu?

Hath it temples and turrets and towers
That soar to its skies of pure blue?
Hath it far-leaping splendor of fountains—
This beautiful city called Chu?

Hath it mystical, magical rivers?
Hath it roses that bloom the year through?
Hath it glamour of moonlight and starlight,
The love-haunted city called Chu?

Are its clear, silver bells ever chiming?
Hath it voices that call but to you?
Is there magic of music and laughter
In the halls of the city called Chu?

Sail on, oh, sail on, little captain,
So ready to dare and to do.
What is there this side of high heaven
So fair as your city called Chu?

THE DEATH-SONG OF THE HEMLOCK

YE say I am old—I am old; and ye threaten to hew
me down,
Lest the roof of your puny dwelling should be crushed
by my heavy crown;
Ye measure my spreading branches, ye mock me with
idle fears! —
Ye pygmies that creep at my foot-stool, what know ye
of age, or years?

I reckon ye all as shadows! Ye are but as clouds
that pass
Over the face of the mountains and over the meadow-
grass;
Your generations are phantoms; like wraiths they come
and go,
Leaving no trace behind them in the paths they used
to know!

But I! — For six hundred rolling years I have stood
like a watch-tower, I!

I have counted the slow procession of centuries cir-
cling by!

I have looked at the sun unblenching; I have num-
bered the midnight stars;

Nor quailed when the fiery serpent leaped from its
cloudy bars!

Or ever ye were a nation, or your commonwealth was
born,

I stood on this breezy hilltop, fronting the hills of
morn,

In the strength of my prime uplifting my head above
meaner things,

Till only the strong winds reached it, or the wild birds'
sweeping wings!

It was mine to know when the white man ventured
the unknown seas,

And silence fled before him, and the forest mysteries;

I saw his towers and steeples that pierced the unfathomed sky,
And his domes that darkened the heavens—but above them all soared I!

He builded his towns and cities, and his mansions fine and fair,
And slowly his fertile meadows grew wide in the tranquil air;
He stretched his iron pathways from the mountains to the sea—
But little cared I for his handiwork! 'Twas the one great God made me!

The Earth and the Sun and the mighty Winds, and the great God over all,
These bade me stand like a sentinel on the hilltop grand and tall.
Know ye that a hundred years ago men called me old and worn?
Yet here I tower above their graves, and laugh them all to scorn!

FOR A CHRISTENING

BLOW softly, winds of the South!
Skies of the South, bend low!
Sparkle, ye radiant waters,
In the sunset's tender glow!

Keep watch and ward, O palm-trees!
Oaks, spread your branches wide!
O sentinel pine-trees, let your strength
Like the strength of the hills abide!

Disks of the Cherokee roses,
Gleam from your emerald bars!
O jasmines, swing your censers
In the light of your golden stars!

Fill the air, ye joyous wild birds,
With a glad, sweet roundelay,
For a little child is given
To the Lord Christ to-day!

Ah, what shall I bring to thee,
Child, who shall bear my name
When I shall lie unheeding
Or love or praise or blame;

Who shall speak when I am silent;
Who, when I lie deaf, shall hear
This dear earth's song of triumph,
And its hymns of lofty cheer;

Who shall see my roses bloom,
And my snow-white lilies gleam,
In the sunlight and the starlight,
When I sleep without a dream?

Nay, little child, forgive me,
Nor think the strain too sad;

One life must follow another,
But earth shall still be glad!

Evening must follow morning;
But the morn shall still be gay
With splendor of rose and purple,
And the pomp of glorious day!

And had I the mystic token,
I would weave a spell so rare,
It should be like a holy talisman,
Strong with the strength of prayer,

To charm thee from every sorrow,
To keep thee from every ill,
And with costliest wine of blessing
Thy waiting cup to fill!

THE DREAM-BEARER

(Suggested by Ross Turner's water-color, "The Golden Galleon.")

FROM what far wonderland of dreams,
What island of remotest seas,
O Golden Galleon, sailest thou
With white wings on the breeze?

Thou stately splendor, pressing on
From mystic East to radiant West,
On what proud errand art thou bent—
What high, mysterious quest?

The great sea bears thee up ; the waves
With slow upheaval lift thy bow ;
With long and steady sweep they glide
Under thy gleaming prow.

Thy slender masts, like spires of jet,
Are black against the reddening sky;
Thy sails are full—yet idly droops
Yon pennant lifted high.

All silently thou speedest on;
No sailor climbs thy shining spars;
Thy carven saints alone keep ward
Beneath or sun or stars!

O Golden Galleon, well we know
Thou hast no freight of earthly mould;
No Orient treasures dost thou bear,
No red gold lights thy hold!

Thou art but freighted with our dreams!
Sail on, O blessèd ship, sail on,
To some far land where dreams come true,
And all that's lost is won!

THE SECRET CHAMBER

INTO the secret chamber of my heart,
Wherein no mortal enters, Lord, come thou
And make thy dwelling-place ere day depart!

Even now the clouds are golden in the west;
The long, slant shadows creep across the way;
The glory fades on yonder mountain-crest.

It will be nightfall soon, for faint and far
The pallid moon, a silver crescent, hangs
Above the low reach of the horizon bar.

And night is lonely and beset with fears!
Come thou, O Lord, come in and dwell with me
Through the long darkness till the dawn appears!

O thou who didst create the human heart,
Didst thou not make one sure place for thyself?
It is high sanctuary where thou art!

Thou knowest, ah! thou knowest! Words are weak.
When the tongue falters and the lips are dumb,
Thou knowest all the yearning heart would speak!

The unuttered prayer thou hearest. Lo! the shrine
Waits for thy presence! Ere the day be done
Take thou possession, O thou Guest Divine!

“OUT OF THE SILENCE, SPEAK!”

Out of the silence, speak!

Could you come through the waiting door,
With your eyes aglow and your heart on fire,

As in days that are no more ;

Could you enter the wide old hall,

And the chambers fresh and fair,

And wander from room to room

In the sweet, flower-scented air ;

Could you tread the garden paths

Where your own white lilies grow,

And the rose you planted blooms

As in Junes of long ago—

Would you be glad to come

Back to the world of men,

Back to your wonted place

In its busy ranks again?

Out of the shadows, speak!
O tender heart and true,
Could you return, return,
All would be changed for you!
For others sit at your board,
And others warm at your fire,
And over your walls strange shadows flit
As the flames leap high and higher.
The boys that you knew are bearded men,
And the bearded men are gray,
And the weight of years has touched them all—
You would know them not to-day!
There are children born of your line
To whom you are but a name—
A name, a dream, and a shadow,
A phantom they scarce can claim.

Out of the glory, speak!
From your bright heaven afar,
Where you need no light of sun,
Nor ray of moon or star,

Would you come to earth if you could
To face the changes here,
The sense of a strange new world
With its alien atmosphere?
For lo! as the Century dies
It spreadeth its mighty hands,
And a change comes over the deep,
And over the waiting lands,
As the youngest born of the nations
Lifts Destiny's proud gauge,
Accepting, for weal or woe,
Life's lofty heritage!

Out of the glory, speak!
As your changeless years roll on,
Would ye return if ye could,
O ye who have lost and won?

AFTER MANY DAYS

I sit beside my flying loom,
I toss the shuttle to and fro ;
The sunlight floods the quiet room,
Making the pattern gleam and glow.
Without, autumnal glories shine ;
Through warp and woof rich shadows play.
Would God it were more fair and fine,
This web that groweth day by day!

I weave and weave till day is done ;
But who will bleach the linen white,
By alchemy of rain and sun,
Hot summer noons, and dewy night?
And who its shining length will wear?
Under its folds what heart will hide
Its stress of passion or of prayer,
Of wordless bliss or love denied?

I plant a tree beside my gate ;
 Slowly it rises, fair and tall ;
With prophecy of royal state
 It towers above the old gray wall !
But who will see it in its prime ?
 What lovers seek its leafy ways ?
What bard unborn, with song and rhyme,
 Wed its green boughs to deathless lays ?

I build a mansion wide and fair ;
 I rear its towers of fretted stone ;
But who shall breathe its happy air ?
 Who call its sheltering roof his own ?
What guests shall throng its chambers fine ?
 What feet youth's joyous measures tread,
When I have drained life's last red wine,
 And grass grows green above my head ?

On the soft air I loose a song ;
 From pole to pole it drifteth far ;
It floateth fast, it floateth long,
 Inconsequent as breezes are !

But who will hear it as it flies
Through shadowy spaces, vast and dim,
And lure it from the lonely skies,
When I have done with song and hymn?

BEYOND THE SUNSET

INVOCATION

*SING thou my songs for me when I am dead!
Soul of my soul, some day thou wilt awake
To see the morning on the hilltops break,
And the far summits flame with rosy red.
But I shall wake not, though above my head
Armies should thunder: nor for Love's sweet sake,
Though he the tenderest pilgrimage should make
Where I am lying in my grassy bed.
I shall be silent, with my song half sung:
I shall be dumb, with half the story told:
I shall be mute leaving the best unsaid.
Take thou the harp ere yet it be unstrung—
Wake thou the lyre ere yet its chords be cold—
Sing thou my songs—and thine—when I am dead!*

PRELUDE

WHEN you can tell how the young grasses run
With swift glad feet across the meadows dun;
Or how the spring-time verdure softly creeps,
A dream of silence, up the mountain steeps;

When you can tell whence cometh form or hue,
Or why the rose is red, the violet blue;
Or how the lily from its murky bed
White and unsullied lifts its queenly head;

When you can name the serried ranks of stars
That blaze beyond the midnight's ebon bars;
Or count the waves that beat upon the shore
Of isles where Ocean thunders evermore;

When you can tell what life is, and declare,
Beyond a peradventure, whence the rare
Essence of Being comes, or where it goes
When the breath falters and the eyelids close;

Then you can analyze the poet's dream,
Its wild sweet rapture, its elusive gleam—
And tell us why the song he sings to-day
Is not the same that he sang yesterday!

THE POET'S DOWER

THE whole wide earth, O poet, is thy dower!

Claim thou its affluence as by right divine.

For thee suns rise and set, and clear stars shine,
Old ocean rolls, and far heights heavenward tower.

The thrush and nightingale, and every flower

Of every clime and every age are thine;

All gods shall fill thy golden cup with wine,
All prophets pledge thee in the uplifted hour.

Thine are the mysteries of life and death;

All loves, all joys, all passion, and all pain,

Temptations shared not, sins thou hast not known,
False hopes, frail raptures trembling at a breath,

The hero's ecstasy, the martyr's gain,

The high prayer soaring to the Great White Throne!

A MEMORY

A GRAY sarcophagus beside a wall
Crumbling and ivy-grown and gray with age,
O'er which a yew-tree, on whose wrinkled page
Was writ the lesson that Time writes for all,
Whispered of years remote and past recall;
Whispered of man's resistless heritage—
Death and decay, Oblivion's stern gauge,
And the long silences that round him fall.
But lo! Kind earth and gentle winds had filled
The empty shrine with largess! Tall grass grew
And gay flowers bloomed, where once the dead had
lain;
Love built its nest there, and its rapture trilled;
A white lamb cropped the young leaves wet with dew,
And Life still lived where Life had once been slain!

"A DEAD DOUGLAS"

SEPTEMBER, 1901

WHEN the great Chieftain falls the clans must weep!
To-day their banners flame on all the hills,
And, far or near, their solemn glory fills
Valley and glen the while he lies asleep.
The pibroch does not waken him; the deep,
Wild slogan now his heart no longer thrills,
Nor the loud summons when a Nation wills
Its chosen Lord with it the tryst shall keep!
Yea, clansmen, bear him to his sacred rest
With muffled drums and trumpets breathing low;
There is no stain upon his spotless shield
Nor on his hands close folded on his breast.
Yet take ye courage, for full well ye know
How "A Dead Douglas surely wins the field!"

GOD'S HOUR

O RESTLESS soul, canst thou not wait God's hour?

“Let there be light” He said, and lo! the day

Gilded the mountain-tops, and far away

The dimpled valleys thrilled beneath its power,

Claiming the glorious sunlight as their dower.

‘A myth, a fable that the wise gainsay?

An idle tale for children at their play?’

Yet fable is fair truth's consummate flower!

Earth waited long till Day unheralded,

Unsung, unprophesied, in splendor swept

A radiant presence through the Orient gates.

Not unto us shall the last word be said.

Yet one sure secret have the ages kept—

Light breaks at last on each high soul that waits!

THE ORATORY

IN the high-vaulted temple of my heart
There is an oratory thine alone—
A sweet, hushed, sacred chantry all thine own.
There do I fly when I would be apart
To dream dear dreams, for there I know thou art,
Albeit I see thee not. There is thy throne;
There thou art crowned, and as at altar-stone
Fain would I kneel and let the day depart!
While this remains I cannot lose thee, dear,
Though countless centuries between us roll,
Though earth dissolves, and planets disappear,
And all the splendor of the starry scroll
Dies out of heaven, what room is there for fear?
Love still shall answer love, soul call to soul!

IN THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

MAITLAND, FLORIDA

O THOU most dear, thy presence fills the place!

Without, soft airs go wandering to and fro;

By the long path thy purple pansies glow;

While here within this silent, vaulted space

Hearts faint with longing to behold thy face!

Through the dim aisle the solemn chantings flow,

And holy words are said, and prayers breathed low;

How could thy voice pass, leaving here no trace?

Yet still we see thee, hear thee, feel thee near.

Somewhere thou *art*: and be thou near or far—

Close as this rose, remote as yonder star—

Not all the glories of the realms unknown,

Nor time, nor space, can keep thee from thine own.

Thy presence fills the place, O thou most dear!

THE DAYS THAT NEVER WERE

"O death in life, the days that are no more!"

O DAYS that are no more! the lords of song
Have sung your dirges, tolled your passing-bells,
In tones more sad, more sweet, than funeral knells
Through dim cathedral arches borne along.
Back from the past they call ye, mighty throng!
They wreath your brows with golden asphodels,
They weave for you all wonder-working spells,
Sounding your praise in chorus full and strong.
But who shall sing the song, O yearning heart!
Of days that might have been, but never were,
Dying unshriven in the womb of Time,
Bearing in all this breathing world no part?
Ah, bring for them the frankincense and myrrh,
The vision splendid, and the gift sublime!

R. E. R.

No shadow darkens the resplendent day!

O mother Nature, dost thou make no moan

When he, thy son and lover, lieth prone,
Breathless, and silent? All thy hills are gay
In pomp of gold and crimson, like the play

Of royal banners shining in the sun,

Proudly rejoicing as for victories won!

Hath thy great heart no need to weep or pray?

And Nature answered: "Nay, I but rejoice!

I bid my vales be glad, and all my streams;

I bid my mountains crown themselves with light,
And every late bird lift a joyful voice;

For lo! at length the radiant morning gleams,

And he who once was blind hath done with night."

CRUMBS

A PARABLE

ONLY the crumbs, Lord,—but she finds them sweet!
Ah, not for her was the fair table spread
With viands rare, rich fruits, and wheaten bread!
But when scant crumbs fall at the children's feet,
May she not stoop to gather them and eat?
She craves no wine, nor roses white and red,
Round her lone board their fragrant breath to shed;
Only for crumbs, dear Lord, doth she entreat!
For even crumbs may save a soul alive
And keep a heart from starving. Thou dost know,
Surely Thou knowest, Thou who didst create.
Never on heavenly manna may she thrive
Gathered each morning while the dawn-winds blow—
Give her but crumbs in lieu of Love's estate!

AN ACCOLADE

O KNIGHTLY heart, God gives to thee a sign!
For thee the shrine was builded long ago,
But long stood darkling, waiting for the glow,
The warmth, the glory, and the breath divine.
Lo! now to-day the altar-candles shine
With sudden, starry splendor. To and fro
The fragrant censers swing, and bending low
Angelic spirits pour thee heavenly wine!
Drink it, great heart, nor fear to drain the cup.
Thou hast kept holy vigil and art pure;
Thou hast kept knightly vigil and art strong;
Then proudly lift the royal banner up
By right divine, unchallengèd and sure—
And God be with thee if the way be long!

TO A LATE-COMER

(W. P. S.)

WHY didst thou come into my life so late?

If it were morning I could welcome thee

With glad all-hails, and bid each hour to be

The willing servitor of thine estate,

Lading thy brave ships with Time's richest freight.

If it were noonday I might hope to see

On some far height thy banners floating free,

And hear the acclaiming voices call thee great!

But it is nightfall and the stars are out;

Far in the west the crescent moon hangs low,

And near at hand the lurking shadows wait;

Darkness and silence gather round about,

Lethe's black stream is near its overflow,—

Ah, friend, dear friend, why didst thou come
so late?

WHEN DREAMS DEPART

WHEN dreams depart, then it is time to die.

Nay, thou art dead when thy dear dreams depart,
Even though thy ghost still haunts the crowded mart,
Still with proud grace salutes the passer-by,
Reaps golden grain when the hot sun rides high,
Sails the far seas with compass and with chart,
Of the world's burdens bears its wonted part,
Or faces doom with calm, undaunted eye.
For dreams—they are the very breath of life;
The “little leaven” that informs the whole;
Wine of the gods, poured from the upper skies;
Manna from heaven, to nerve thee for the strife.
Fetter thy dreams and hold them fast, O soul!
When they depart, it is thyself that dies.

REVELATION

I BUILT an altar to an unknown God
Whom ignorantly I worshipped. To its shrine
I brought rich gifts, oblations rare and fine;
And in each pleasaunce where my young feet trod
I sought the fairest flowers that decked the sod,
Roses and lilies, sprays of eglantine,
Myrtle and amaranth and lush woodbine
To wreath the altar of that unknown God
Before whose shrine my heart knelt justified.
Yet oft I feared! One night when winds were mute
And pale stars trembled in the heavens above,
"Tell me thy name, thy blessèd name!" I cried.
Low came a whisper, soft as silver flute,—
"Fear not, O child! my only name is Love!"

HOMESICK

O MY garden! lying whitely in the moonlight and the
dew,
Far across the leagues of distance flies my heart to-night
to you,
And I see your stately lilies in the tender radiance
gleam
With a dim, mysterious splendor, like the angels of a
dream!

I can see the stealthy shadows creep along the ivied
wall,
And the bosky depths of verdure where the drooping
vine-leaves fall,
And the tall trees standing darkly with their crowns
against the sky,
While overhead the harvest moon goes slowly sailing
by.

I can see the trellised arbor, and the roses' crimson
glow,
And the lances of the larkspurs all glittering, row on
row,
And the wilderness of hollyhocks, where brown bees
seek their spoil,
And butterflies dance all day long, in glad and gay
turmoil.

O, the broad paths running straightly, north and south
and east and west!
O, the wild grape climbing sturdily to reach the oriole's
nest!
O, the bank where wild flowers blossom, ferns nod,
and mosses creep
In a tangled maze of beauty over all the wooded
steep!

Just beyond the moonlit garden I can see the orchard
trees,
With their dark boughs overladen, stirring softly in the
breeze,

And the shadows on the greensward, and within the
pasture bars
The white sheep huddling quietly beneath the pallid
stars.

O my garden! lying whitely in the moonlight and the
dew,
Far across the restless ocean flies my yearning heart to
you,
And I turn from storied castle, hoary fane, and ruined
shrine,
To the dear, familiar pleasaunce where my own white
lilies shine—

With a vague, half-startled wonder if some night in
Paradise,
From the battlements of heaven I shall turn my long-
ing eyes
All the dim, resplendent spaces and the mazy star-
drifts through,
To my garden, lying whitely in the moonlight and the
dew!

THE GUESTS AT THE INN

THE Princess came to Bethlehem's Inn:

The Keeper he bowed low;

He sent his servants here and yon,

His maids ran to and fro.

They spread soft carpets for her feet,

Her bed with linen fine;

They heaped her board with savory meats,

They brought rich fruits and wine.

The Chieftain came to Bethlehem's Inn,

With clash and clang of steel;

Into the wide court swift strode he,

And turned on armèd heel.

"Room for your lord!" he cried aloud.

"He brooks no long delay!"

The Keeper and his servitors

Did his behests straightway.

The Merchant came to Bethlehem's Inn,

Across the desert far,

From Ispahan, and Samarcand,

And hoary Kandahar.

Rich Orient freight his camels bore:

The gates flew open wide

As in he swept, with stately mien,

His long, slow train beside.

The Pilgrim came to Bethlehem's Inn:

Wayworn and old was he,

With beard unshorn and garments torn,

A piteous sight to see!

He found a corner dim and lone;

He ate his scanty fare;

Then laid his scrip and sandals by,
And said his evening prayer.

The Beggar came to Bethlehem's Inn:
They turned him not away;
Though men and maidens scoffed at him,
They bade the varlet stay.

"The dogs have room: then why not he?"
One to another said;
"Even dogs have earth to lie upon,
And plenteous broken bread!"

Maid Mary fared to Bethlehem's Inn:
Dark was the night and cold,
And eerily the icy blast
Swept down across the wold.

She drew her dark-brown mantle close,
Her wimple round her head;
"Oh, hasten on, my lord," she cried,
"For I am sore bestead!"

Maid Mary came to Bethlehem's Inn:

There was no room for her;

They brought her neither meat nor wine,

Nor fragrant oil, nor myrrh.

But where the hornèd oxen fed

Amid the sheaves of corn

One splendid star flamed out afar

When our Lord Christ was born!

UNRETURNING

Now twice ten times the stately, silent years
Have kept the midnight vigil, and passed on
To the dim bourn where all the ages sleep;
And twice ten times the watching stars have seen
The glad young year upspringing with the dawn,
Since thou didst cross this threshold to return
No more, no more! The house that thou didst build
Still bears thy impress as in days of old.
It hath a thousand tongues, and every one
Is eloquent of thee. When spring returns,
Each flower that blooms within the garden bounds
Misses thy presence, and the broad straight paths
Wait for the footsteps that they knew so well.
The roses are less fair than when thy hand
Trained them to beauty and to loveliness,
Yet for thy sake they lift their glowing cups,
Knowing thy wish and will. The winds that sigh

Through the tall sheltering pines, and bend the ferns
That cluster at their feet, still chant of thee
In low, melodious cadence. And at night,
When earth is hushed, and dewy calm lies deep
On field and woodland, then the holy stars
Shine on thy grave as once they shone for thee—
Thou who wert wont to call them by their names,
Searching the violet depths with reverent eyes
And rapt, hushed vision, as the serried ranks
Of the great constellations, one by one,
Sought each its destined place, and planets burned,
And the whole grand processional advanced
In stately splendor up the darkening skies:
Belted Orion, with his glittering sword,
The fair, pale Pleiads and the Hyades,
Red Aldebaran, Sirius white and cold,
And, blazing in the zenith, fiery Mars!

.

Yea, thou didst love this dear, green earth of ours,
Its mountain peaks and its far-rolling seas,
Its summer opulence, its winter snows.
Where hath thy home been all these changeful years?

Is it so fair that it hath blotted out
All memory of this? Eye hath not seen,
Nor hath ear heard, nor heart of man conceived!—
So runs the story of that other world
Of which we dream so oft while knowing naught.
But thou—thou knowest all! The mysteries
That vex our questioning souls, vex thine no more,
Now thou hast eaten of the Tree of Life
That men call Death. Yet wheresoe'er thou art
In God's great universe, dost thou not turn
Sometimes from larger life and greater joys
To this small leaf-clad orb, remembering still
Its tender loves that held thy soul in thrall?

.
The earth is silent; silent are the stars,
The midnight heavens, and the wide fields of air;
No voice replies; no word or sign is given!
But, be it soon or late, the day will come
When I shall hear the summons to go hence—
Whither I know not. Oh, be near me then!
Keep tryst with me in that transcendent hour,
And I shall tremble not, nor be afraid!

WHEN I SLEEP

WHEN I sleep I do not know
Where my soul makes haste to go,
Through wide spaces faring forth,
To the South or to the North,
Faring East or faring West,
Or on what mysterious quest.

When I sleep my sealèd eyes
Ope to marvels of surprise!
Buried hopes come back to me,
Long-lost loves again I see,
Present, past, and future seem
But as one, the while I dream.

When I sleep I wake again,
Wake to love and joy and pain;

Wake with quickened sense to share
Earth's beatitude of prayer;
Wake to know that night is done
And a new, glad day begun!

THE JOY

THE joy is in the doing,
Not the deed that's done;
The swift and glad pursuing,
Not the goal that's won.

The joy is in the seeing,
Not in what we see;
The ecstasy of vision,
Far and clear and free!

The joy is in the singing,
Whether heard or no;
The poet's wild, sweet rapture,
And song's divinest flow!

The joy is in the being—
Joy of life and breath;
Joy of a soul triumphant,
Conqueror of death!

Is there a flaw in the marble?
Sculptor, do your best;
The joy is in the endeavor.
Leave to God the rest!

IN ARCADY

You have been in Arcady?
Say you so? say you so?
Where its peaceful rivers flow
Do you know? do you know?
Tell me quickly, tell me true,
If the road is plain to you,
Which way runs the path that leads
To its fragrant, flowery meads?

Once I dwelt in Arcady—
But 'twas long, long ago!
Oft I heard its soft winds blow,
Sweet and low, sweet and low;
Once from morn till dewy night
Rose its white towers in my sight,
Like the castles wondrous fair
Fancy paints in upper air.
Yes, we went to Arcady,—

Oh, how long, long ago!
Youth and Love and I together
In the early summer weather,
When the skies were bright and blue,
And the earth was fresh with dew,—
Ah, full well the way we knew
Then, to happy Arcady!

Youth still dwells in Arcady,
As so long, long ago!
Love still hears its soft winds blow
Sweet and low, sweet and low!
I alone have lost the way;
I alone no longer stray
Where its perfect roses gleam
Like the splendors of a dream;
I shall see thee never more,
Arcady, dear Arcady!

TO A DANDELION

LITTLE golden Dandelion,
Shining in the sun,
All the birds are singing now,
Day is just begun.
Grasses spring to greet thee;
Joy is everywhere,
Light and song and fragrance
Filling all the air!

Pallid, white-haired Dandelion,
Swaying in the sun,
Tall and slender, silver-crowned,
Day is well-nigh done!
Fair and frail, O phantom,
Thou art but a theme
For a minstrel's singing,
Or a poet's dream!

Lo! a breeze sweeps by thee!

Whither art thou flown?

All thy silver tresses

To the winds are blown!

Whither now hath vanished

All thy slender grace,

All the starlike beauty

Of thy perfect face?

Gone, all gone forever!

Nay—another spring

Glad earth shall be gay again

With thy blossoming.

Death is life,—and life is joy!

Sleep in peace awhile,

Till thou wakest, young and fair,

In the Day-God's smile!

TWO LOVES

ONE was a child's romance,
A girl's bewildering dream,
Woven of fire and dew.
And moonlight's silver gleam;
Of the fragrance of the rose,
The glory of the stars,
The flash of sparkling waters,
The sunset's golden bars!
A thing of smiles and blushes,
Quick thrills and throbbing heart,
A strange, mysterious glamour
That bade the tear-drops start.

One was a woman's love,
Woven of many strands,
Richer than braided gold,
Stronger than iron bands;

A love that holier grew
Through all the changeful years,
That clasped close hands with joy,
Yet wavered not for tears.
A love that loved through all things,
Through sorrow, pain, and death—
Through all the bliss and all the bane
To which life answereth!

A FAR CRY

'Tis a far cry to youth, O my soul,

'Tis a far cry to youth!

Though the years have flown onward unheeding,

Through gladness and travail and ruth,

'Tis a far cry to youth, O my soul,

'Tis a far cry to youth!

Wert thou I, O thou fair child-maiden,

Who, ages and ages ago,

Looked forth from the curve of yon mirror,

Impatient life's meaning to know;

To taste the red wine of its vintage,

Its splendor, its rapture, its glow?

Thou hadst eyes like the pale stars of morning,
Just tinged with the blue of the skies;
Thy hair had the darkness of midnight,
When the wraiths of the tempest arise,
And thy cheeks wore the flush of soft carmine
In the heart of the wild rose that lies.

So young thou wert, child—so unwary!—
Yet so eager to learn and to do,
That the days were too short for thy living,
As on in their courses they flew,
And thy light feet kept time to earth's music,
Whether treading on heart's-ease or rue!

O, the magical glamour of moonlight,
When love was a fairy dream;
When romance, with its tremulous splendor,
Gilded all life with its gleam;
When the heart knew one song and one story—
One lofty, bewildering theme!

When friendship was quick recognition
 Springing to life in a day;
When heroes wore crowns of laurels,
 And poets wore wreaths of bay;
When faith knew the joy of believing
 In Omnipotent Good alway!

Speak, child, for the years are many,
 And the past lies dim between,
And I fain would read the riddle
 Of what thine eyes have seen—
Thou mystic, silent wonder,
 Thou ghost of the might have been!

Didst thou know when the morning-glory
 First sheathed its silver horn;
When the roses drooped in the noontide,
 Of their early freshness shorn;
And the wild birds ceased from singing
 In the heart of the woods forlorn?

Oh, speak! Didst thou know when the shadow
That woman dreads drew nigh;
When the young bloom slowly faded,
And the young light left thine eye,
And there fell a shower of snowflakes
Where the dark locks used to lie?

Ah, maiden! the white-haired woman
Is but thyself grown older;
She hath lost some dear illusions,
Yet remembereth all you told her,
And still your dreams and visions
In the might of their love enfold her.

For she knows what you but dreamed of;
She hath drained the beaker of life;
She hath trodden its red-hot ploughshares;
She hath faced its storm and strife;
She hath heard its divinest music,
And danced to its lute and fife!

O child, it is long since we parted!

But surely in some far clime

We shall meet with tears and laughter

Beyond the river of Time,

And each in the clasp of the other

Pass on to the Hills Sublime!

GETHSEMANE

DARKNESS and silence and the breath of peace!
Then, lo! a faint flush on the mountain peaks
That broadens, deepens, till the full-orbed moon
Soars in majestic splendor up the sky,
Blotting the stars out!

Be thou still, my soul!

We who revere the mighty men of old—
Sages and seers, and lords of high degree
Who woke the harp and lyre, martyrs who died
Defenders of the faith, and they who gave
Their life-blood gladly on the battle-field;
Kings who ruled grandly for their people's weal,
Wearing high crowns by right unchallengèd—
We roam o'er land and sea to tread the paths
Their feet have hallowed, and to kiss the sod
That was their birthright. What their hands have
touched

We fain would touch; and what their eyes have seen
We joy to look upon.

Yet every man
Of woman born since first the world was made,
O fair white moon, hath gazed upon thy face,
Awed by the splendor of thy loveliness!
Poet or painter, priest or king or clown,
Noble or beggar, lover, peasant, slave,—
All have rejoiced beholding thee so fair,
Thou peerless wonder of the adoring skies!
Yea, every eye hath seen thee, even His
Who knelt in lone Gethsemane what time
His own forsook Him. Be thou still, my soul—
What the Lord Christ beheld thou seest this night!

THE CARVEN CHEST

"My little son, my little son,"
Thus Mary spake to him,
What time he played with childish toys
Within the chamber dim.

"The day is done, my little son,
Night draweth near," she said;
"Come to thy mother, little one,
And rest thy weary head."

The young child came with willing feet,
And looked into her face;
Then nestled in her tender arms,
Held in a close embrace.

Lightly his fingers touched her brow;
Sighed he: "Why art thou sad?
There is no laughter in thine eyes;
O mother dear, be glad!"

Then playfully and tenderly
She clasped him to her breast;
"Nay! but I smile, I laugh," she said.
"Now close thine eyes and rest."

But round the dim and shadowy room
The wide eyes wandered far.
"What is this story that they tell
Of shepherds and a star—

"That led three wise men from the East
Across the desert wold,
Bearing unto a new-born child
Rich gifts and shining gold?

"O mother dear, O mother dear,
Tell me the baby's name,

And why the angels sang of him,
And why the wise men came!"

Ah, then did Mary's heart beat fast;
Her lips crushed back a moan;
"Ask me not this, my little son,
Till thou art older grown.

"What thou knowest not, in God's own time
He will make known to thee;
Sleep now, dear heart, and take thy rest
Ere yet the dark hours be."

But still the tireless lips went on:
"I dreamed a dream last night—
A wondrous dream of one who came
Clad in a robe of light.

"He led me to a carven chest,
He turned a golden key;
But even as he raised the lid
A cloud encompassed me,

“And from the air, like music rare,
A voice fell low and deep;
‘The hour hath not yet come,’ it said,
‘Let the child longer sleep.’”

The mother pondered silently,
Her only answer this:
To fold the drooping eyelids down
And seal them with a kiss.

AN APPEAL

W. R. D.—H. R. D.

HAS the old pain been stilled?
Are the old woes forgot?
Art thou dwelling now, love,
Where grief and care are not?

In that land are there any
To call thee by thy name?
To bless thee or caress thee?
To praise thee or to blame?

In the house of many mansions
Is there one all thine own,
Where, O dear home-lover,
Thou dost set thy throne?

Tell me, O well-belovèd!
O tell me, dost thou know
How still through cloud and sunshine
The earth days come and go?

I pray thee understand us!
Life claims us for its own;
Woven of light and darkness
Its web is round us thrown.

We sleep, we dream, we waken;
We go our busy ways;
We work, we play we loiter,
As in the olden days;

We are glad in Nature's gladness;
In color, light, and song;
In the glory of the harvest
When summer days are long;

In the uplift of the mountains;
The splendor of the seas;

The flush of dawn and sunset;
The freshness of the breeze;

In the joys that still are left us;
In the loves that still are ours;
In the hope that follows failure;
In the calm of twilight hours.

Yet think not we forget thee
Whether we dream or pray!
Art thou not glad, belovèd,
That we do not weep alway?

A CLASS POEM

FAIR girls, with your sunlit faces
Turned to the morning skies,
With your lips attuned to laughter,
And the young light in your eyes,
What message shall I bring you
From the far Mount of Years?
Shall it be song or sermon?
A thing of smiles or tears?

You know not yet what life is;
Its heart's-ease and its rue,
Its bitter-sweet and golden-rod
Have blossomed not for you.
You have but plucked the wild rose
Blooming beside the way,
And heard the thrushes' love song
Borne on the winds of May.

Ah, well I know the wonder
And the glory of it all,
And how your hearts are bounding
As at the trumpet's call!
I know your dreams and visions
Of the life that is to be—
The glamour of moon and starlight,
The magic of cloud and sea!

To dream is sweet. But sweeter,
Dear hearts, the awakening is;
I, who have dreamed and wakened,
I joy to tell you this.
Illusion's frail white blossom
May fade as climbs the sun,
But the same sun ripens fruitage
Fairer to look upon.

For—Doing is better than Dreaming;
August is richer than June;
And the harvester's chant of labor
Is set to a nobler tune.

Yet—Being is better than Doing!
Hark! How the music swells
As the pageant of life sweeps onward
To the pealing of mighty bells!

And when Endeavor is over,
As it must be, soon or late,
It is good to sit in the twilight
With folded hands and wait.
It is good to know that the sowing
And the reaping all are done,
And to learn that the star of evening
Shines clear as the rising sun!

DANA HALL, WELLESLEY, MASS., 1905.

AN ANSWER TO A VALENTINE

My true love sent me a valentine
All on a winter's day,
And suddenly the cold gray skies
Grew soft and warm as May!
The snowflakes changed to apple blooms,
A pink-white fluttering crowd,
And on the swaying maple boughs
The robins sang aloud.

For moaning wintry winds, I heard
The music sweet and low
Of morning-glory trumpets
Through which the soft airs blow.
O love of mine, my Valentine!
This is no winter day—
For Love rules all the calendars,
And Love knows only May!

THE VOICE OF THE TOWER

ETHAN ALLEN

BURLINGTON, VT., 1905

YE have builded me well, ye have builded me strong,
And the years of my life shall be many and long!
O men of To-day, who have given me birth,
My voice shall be heard through the confines of earth,
Now deep as a mighty bell pealing afar,—
Now clear and triumphant as bugle notes are,—
Now strong as the wind's cry when tempests are out
And the soul of the Storm-God responds with a shout,—
Now soft as the murmur of slow-gliding streams,
Or as Love's tender whispers when heard in your
dreams!

The mountains shall hear it, and echo the strain
As they lift their proud heads over valley and plain,
And the broad lake, unresting, on waves rolling free
Shall carry my message to river and sea.

All its islands shall listen, as tranquil they lie
Looking up day and night to the fathomless sky;
All the forests that stretch to the north and the west
Are akin to my soul, I will answer their quest;—
And one day—who knoweth?—through cloudrifts and
bars
Some strong breath of mine may float up to the stars!

O men of To-day, who have set me on high,
Beneath me the great rock, above me the sky,
Ye have builded me well; ye have fashioned my form
In the strength that does battle with tumult and
storm!

I am one with the ages. Their secrets are mine
Since you poured on my forehead the chrism divine
And bade me outlive ye. For ah, ye must pass
As the mist on the mountain, the dew on the grass,
While I—I shall live while the centuries sweep
In processional glory from deep unto deep!

Your children, and their children's children shall hear
The voice of the Tower ring loudly and clear!

It shall tell them of him in whose honor to-day
Drums beat, trumpets blare, and the wild bugles play.
Bid him come from Valhalla with eyes bright and bold
This fair stretch of earth once again to behold,
Bringing with him his comrades, the valiant and brave,
Who lived not for fame but their country to save.
—Ah, they comè! They are here! They encompass
 me round,
Though ye see not, and feel not, and hear not a sound!

Beat louder, O drums! and, ye trumpets, lift high
Your jubilant notes till they fill the wide sky!
Shout, freemen! who hold the broad land of their love,
The land they esteemed all things earthly above!
They have come at your call from the realm where they
 dwell,
With the infinite hosts who have borne their parts well,
And the great of all climes and all ages are fain
To join the loud pæans and swell the refrain.
Pledge them honor and fealty! Tell them to-day
That they live in your hearts and shall live there
 always!

I shall stand on my rock as the years come and go,
And whether the ages pass swiftly or slow,
They shall hear the proud story of chivalrous youth,
Of honor unsullied, of courage and truth,
Of patriot ardor, of valor sublime
That soars like a bird o'er the wreckage of time;—
Of all souls that undaunted face danger and death,
Counting all that life holds as the gossamer's breath
Save the love of the highest, the love that looks up
In the face of the Highest—and draineth the cup!

A NIGHT REVERIE

Now day is done, and heart and hand may rest!
The calm of night is on the dreaming earth;
The soft winds sleep, and faintly from afar
The night-bird's lone and melancholy cry
Makes the wide silence deeper. Stealthily
The noiseless shadows creep from tree to tree;
All silently the darkling river flows;
All quietly the watching stars look down
On hills and valleys wrapped in deep repose.

O hush, hush, hush! It is the time of prayer—
The time for visions—and the hour for dreams!
Breathe thou no whisper. Let no voice profane
The holy silences of earth and heaven.

Darker and darker still! The mighty dome
Of yon great maple lifts itself on high
In worship of the Infinite. Then a glow

Fainter than that of dawning steals athwart
The lower heavens, and earth, breathless, waits
Moment by moment, till the mountain peaks
Startled from slumber put their glory on—
And lo! the harvest moon!

Thou glorious One!
Shall frail man call thee *dead*, thou who hast seen
Eons and cycles pass, and centuries
Seek one by one the bourn whence none returns,
And generation after generation fall
As falls the grass before the mower's scythe,
To die and be forgotten? And yet thou,
Fair Queen of Heaven and Ruler of the seas,
Thou art to-night resplendent and unworn
As when the first man saw thee part the clouds,
And all the stars and planets hid abashed
Before thy majesty!

Ah, couldst thou speak,
Couldst thou but tell us what thine eyes have seen,
How would all human annals pale, and fade
To utter nothingness! For thou, O Moon,
Thou hast seen all things! From creation's dawn,

Through night to day, through chaos to the reign
Of peace and order and the sure return
Of season after season, till at length
Earth stood forth radiant in the smile of God,
Thou hast beheld the whole, and watched the growth
Of man from the beginning. Thou hast seen
The cave-men and the dwellers in the rocks;
And them that dwelt in tents and roamed the plains;
And them that built great cities, proudly fair
With domes and temples, and the stately shrines
Wherein strange gods sat throned in majesty.
And thou hast seen them crumble, stone by stone,
And desert sands drift o'er them till the wolf,
The jackal, and the tiger, reared their young
In the vast solitudes. Thou didst look on
While Rhamses and Sesostris builded high
The mighty pyramids that mock at death,
And when great Thothmes bade the Sphinx keep
guard
Forever at the Gate of Mysteries.
Thou hast seen empires rise and empires fall,
And states and kingdoms blossom and decay;

Battle and tumult, and the flaming sword
Blazing before lost Eden—and each night
In every age and every clime new graves!
Earth wearies of them—of her graves that lie
On every hilltop, and in every vale—
For everywhere man dies!

But all unchanged

Thou dost behold the tireless years sweep on,
Seedtime and harvest bringing and the sure
Return of autumn with its golden spoil,
The richest freight in God's great argosies.

.
Silent art thou, O Moon! and on thy face
Dwells immemorial calm, the calm of one
Who sees the end from the beginning. Thou—
Thou, and Orion, and Alcyone,
And all the stars that gem the midnight heavens—
Ye know that all is well, that Law is Love,
And life and death alike do the Lawgiver's will.

“O GLAD YOUNG YEAR!”

Thy feet are light upon the morning hills,
O glad young year!
What dost thou bring to man, or bliss, or ban,
Or joy, or hope, or fear,
O glad young year?

A gay voice floated from the untroubled sky
Like a child's laugh,—“Mortal, I know not, I!”

Thy face is hidden, though thy steps are light,
O blithe young year!
Lift thou the veil! Art thou not passing fair,
As fair as thou art dear—
O blithe young year?

A voice replied from out the unfathomed sky—
“I show my face to no man, no, not I!”

In a twelve-month thou wilt be old and wan,
Thou short-lived year!
Thou wilt have gone where centuries lie dead.
Ere then, what cheer? What cheer?
Speak thou, O year!

A deep voice echoed from the far-off sky—
"Ask me not thou! Mortal, God knows—not I!"

“ONLY”

ONLY a footstep at the door;
A shadow on the wall;
Fine courtesies; some tender words—
And that was all!

Only a dream that ne'er came true;
Yet held the heart in thrall;
A memory that would not die—
And that was all!

Only a wistful face whereon
Time's deepening shadows fall;
A heart-cry for what never was—
And that is all!

AWAKE

AWAKE, awake, belovèd!

The Christmas morn is here;
O'er valley, plain, and mountain-top,
The Day-star shineth clear.

O hark, O hark, belovèd!

Hear ye earth's glad acclaim;
To-day in every land and clime
Men breathe the Christ-Child's name.

We need no choiring angels,
Nor myth, nor legend dear;
We know Jehovah liveth,
We know the Christ is here.

Lo! at the door He knocketh—
He waits our love to win;
Awake, awake, belovèd,
Rise up, and let Him in!

TWO LYRICS

ADAPTED FROM THE ITALIAN OF VITTORIA MARINI

I.—A MYSTERY

O STRANGE, mysterious guest,
 Whence dost thou come to me?
From what far realm where silver stars
Shine soft beyond the sunset bars?
 Across what crystal sea?

Thou art no laughing Love,
 Rose-crowned and garlanded,
With young Dreams floating at thy side,
While Joy swings all her portals wide,
 And Fear and Doubt have fled.

Thy face is turned away,
I cannot see thine eyes;
I know not if they look on me
Or kindly, or reproachfully,
Or wide with slow surprise.

Why hast thou sought my door,
O thou unbidden guest?
To bid thee go I do not dare,
Nor to come in my cup to share,—
Tell me thy name and quest!

II.—A MYSTERY SOLVED

Come in, thou heavenly guest,—
Lo! I fling wide the door!
At last, at last, I see thy face
All radiant with celestial grace;
Come, to go forth no more!

Come in, thou strange, sweet guest!
Proudly I bid thee stay;

I know thee now for what thou art,
The one sole warder of my heart,—
Keep thou the key alway!

Come in, imperious guest!
To thy behest I yield;
I give my soul, my heart, my hand,
Surrendering all to thy command,—
Be thou my crown and shield!

Come in, thou kingly guest!
Low in the dust I bow;
I kneel to bathe thy royal feet,
Bringing rich balms and odors sweet,—
Lord of my life art thou!

THY WILL

WHEN the radiant morning skies
Met my half-awakened eyes;
When I looked abroad to see
Early dew on flower and tree;
When the matin-birds were singing,
And the hills with joy were ringing,
It was easy then to say,
"Lord, thy will be done alway!"

*"If Joy be thy minister,
I will clasp glad hands with her:
If Thou sendest pallid pain,
My strong soul shall not complain:
I will quiet be, nor fret
Though my path with thorns be set:
Patient thread each tangled maze,
Going softly all my days."*

Youth is confident and wise
 In its own unerring eyes,
 Solving with unbated breath
 Mysteries of life and death;
 Challenging both time and fate;
 Sure to conquer soon or late;
 Discounting all grief and loss,
 Sharpest pang, or heaviest cross.

What knew I of pain or woe
 When life wore its early glow,
 And in measureless content
 Down its sunlit ways I went?
 What of grief when I could borrow
 From all winds surcease of sorrow?
 Lord, thy will and mine were one
 When youth sang,—“*Thy will be done!*”

Yet,—O Father, Thou art just
 To thy children of the dust!
 If when hours of darkness come
 Strong hearts fail, and lips are dumb,

And our fainting spirits shrink
From some fateful river's brink,
Then teach thou our souls to say,—
"Lord, Thy will be done this day!"

TO ONE WHO WENT TO CARCASSONNE

I CAN scarce believe the tale
Borne to me on every gale!
You have been to Carcassonne?
Looked its stately towers upon?
Trode its streets where, blithe and gay,
Knights and dames in bright array
Loitered in the evening glow,
Doffed their hats, or curtsied low,
When "two Generals," proud as they,
Gave "the Bishop" right of way?

Ah, the Cité on its hill!
Did you climb with right good will
Up to heights where banners fly
Red and gold against the sky?
Did the lofty ramparts gleam

Like the pageants of a dream?
Battlements and bastions soar
Like great mountains high and hoar,
While from azure skies the sun
Shone on mighty Carcassonne?

Carcassonne is not a myth—
Just a name to conjure with?
Figment of a poet's brain,
Child of his own joy and pain?
Do men *live* in Carcassonne—
Love and labor, strive and die,
Pray vain prayers for bliss unwon,
Lift pale faces to the sky?
In its streets do children play,
Laughing, shouting, all the day?

You have been to Carcassonne.
Then for you the goal is won;
You have grasped the unattained;
What we long for, you have gained.
All men go to Arcady—

Dear, dream-haunted Arcady;
Soon or late, they breathe its air,
Learn its language, pray its prayer,
Linger there till dreams are done,—
Yet—few go to Carcassonne!

MOON PICTURES

A SLENDER crescent in the opal west,
Low-hung above a mountain's darkening crest—
A silent dream above a world at rest.

.
The bending curve of the horizon bar—
A silver boat moored high in depths afar,
Cradling in tender arms one lone bright star!

.
An orchard close where wandering moonbeams
 strayed,
Weaving weird tapestries of light and shade,
And fairy paths for fairy footsteps made.

.
A great white harvest moon, divinely fair,
Slow sailing through resplendent seas of air,
Over dark pine-trees, and a garden rare.

.

A broad street flooded with the silver flow
Of the white moonbeams on new-fallen snow,
While, overhead, cloud shapes swept to and fro;

.

A curtained window and a casement low,
And a fair woman in the radiant glow
On whom the king smiled, passing, long ago!

.

HEART'S DESIRE

"God give you your heart's desire,
Whatever it be," she said;
Then down the gallery's shining length
Like a thing of light she sped.

Her face was a stranger's face;
Her name I shall never know;
But softly her benediction fell
As the night-winds breathing low.

Who knoweth the heart's desire?
Its innermost secret dream?
Its holiest shrine where the altar-lights
Forever and ever gleam?

Who guesseth the heart's desire?
Ah, neither you nor I!
It hideth away in darkling space
From the gaze of the passer-by.

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the child that cries for the moon?
Or the samite robe and the Holy Grail
To the soul that was born too soon?

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the lover whose love lies dead?
Or the priest who faces the silence
With the living word unsaid?

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the poet with harp unstrung,
When he turns from the trembling lyre
With his noblest song unsung?

THE WINDS OF GOD

*"Go thou to her, O Rose,
And bear this word from me,
Tell her,—‘ By every wind that blows
I send my love to thee.’ ”*

The mighty winds go by
On their unerring quest;
I hear their strong wings as they fly
From sea to mountain crest.

The jocund winds go by,
Like children mad with glee;
They toss the shrinking leaves on high;
They gayly mock at me!

The moaning winds go by
Sobbing from pole to pole;
Sleepless I hear their bitter cry—
Their wail of want and dole.

The winds of God go by
In fathomless unrest;
The north winds to the south reply,
The east winds to the west.

All winds of God go by!
It matters naught to me;—
They bring not from the earth or sky
One word of love from thee!

SPIRIT TO SPIRIT

EONS, or centuries, or years ago—

We two were man and woman, thou and I,
On yon dear earth now swinging far below
The star-mists floating by.

But now we are two spirits, in the wide
Mysterious realm whereof all mortals dream;
The unknown country where the dead abide
Beyond the sunset gleam.

And I—I cannot find thee anywhere!
I roam from star to star in search of thee;
I wander through the boundless fields of air,
And by the crystal sea.

I scan all faces and I question all;
I breathe thy name to every wind that blows;

Through the wide silences I call and call—
But still the silence grows.

Dost thou remember how, one midnight drear,
We sat before a fading fire alone,
Dreaming young dreams the while the wan old year
Reeled from his trembling throne?

And thou didst whisper, "Dear, from farthest skies,
From utmost space, my love shall summon thee,
Though the grave-mould lie darkly on thine eyes,
To keep this tryst with me!"

Was it last year? O Love, I do not know!
The high gods count not time. We are as they.
All silently the tides of being flow;
A year is as a day!

I only know I cannot find thee, dear!
This mighty universe is all too wide;
Where art thou? In what far-removèd sphere
Is thought of me denied?

New lives, new loves, new knowledge, and new
laws!

I still remember. Does thy soul forget?
Heart unto heart if love no longer draws,
Then the last seal is set!

ALL LOVES IN ONE

ONLY in day-dreams do I dream of thee!
By day our Past moves ever by my side,
A mystic Presence of majestic mien,
In samite clad white as its stainless soul,—
And eyes like his who sought the Holy Grail.

By day, by day, O thou beloved and lost!
Under the hidden current of my life
The thought of thee runs ever, tingeing all
With its own color, even as the sky
Lends its own azure to the sleeping lake.

By day, by day, the soft airs breathe thy name;
The strong winds bear it on their mighty wings;
The whispering pines repeat it to their kin;
Each flower speaks of thee, and the red rose breaks
Its box of precious ointment at thy feet.

All times are thine. All seasons are thine own;
The joy of spring, fair summer's golden prime,
Autumn's rich splendor, and the winter snows;—
The flush of dawn, noontide, and lengthening shades,
Sunset and moonrise and the evening star.

All poets sing of thee. All tender lays
Of ancient minstrelsy seem born of thee;
Music high-soaring to the gates of Heaven,
The martial drum, the trumpet's long appeal,
The requiem low,—taps, and the last salute.

.
Only in day-dreams dream I now of thee!
Once when night came and my glad soul sprang free
From the close bonds of sense, I dreamed and dreamed!
I was a young child sitting at thy knee
And shyly groping for thy tender hand;

Thy mother, in all humble, household ways
Ministering to thee, bringing food and wine;
Thy comrade, reading from the self-same book
And conning life's hard lessons, one by one;
Thy friend, thy lover, giving kiss for kiss.

And sometimes through the world of dreams there
swept,

Like the swift shadows over meadow grass,
Such strange, fantastic visions that I laughed
And wept—all in one breath! How will it be
When after life's long dream I sleep indeed?

WITH A WEDDING-GIFT

LONG years ago, the legends say—
It may have been in far Cathay,
In Kurdistan, or Samarcand,
Agra, Tabriz, or Saraband,
Where palm-trees wave, and golden showers
Fall from the sweet acacia bowers—
Heir to the worker's heritage,
From year to year, from youth to age,
In a low chamber's cloistered gloom
A weaver sat before his loom.

I know not if the tale be true;
As told to me, I tell to you.
Above his loom this pattern hung,
Designed by one who died unsung,
Unknown, unheralded, his fame
Not even the shadow of a name;

But day by day the weaver wrought
Embodying the creative thought,
Until his own dream grew more real
And perfect than the fair ideal.

So at our loom of life we weave
From sunlit morn to darkening eve.
We toss the shuttle to and fro,—
The varied colors come and go,—
A bright thread here, a shadow there,
Perchance strange tangles everywhere.
Yet fear not, faint not! He whose hand
Follows the Master's high command
Shall weave a web more perfect far
Than even the dreams of angels are!

ALPHA AND OMEGA

THE first and the last art thou—
The Morning and Evening Star;
The dawn and the sunset gleam
On the dim horizon bar;

The bud and the perfect flower;
The seed and the ripened grain;
Spring-time and harvest art thou—
The cloud and the latter rain!

Thou art the word of the Prophet,
And the Prophet's word fulfilled;
Thou art Miriam's song of triumph,
And the anthem not yet stilled.

Thou art the throne and the sceptre,
Thou art freedom's latest sign;
The cry of the martyred people,
And the grasp of the Hand Divine!

Thou art the prayer and its answer;
The dream and the heart's desire;
The spark in the smouldering embers,
The leap of the altar fire!

Oh! the eons may come and go,
And the stars burn out in the sky;—
Thou wilt still be the first and the last
While the endless years roll by!

“BEYOND”

BEYOND the sunset's crimson bars,
Beyond the twilight and the stars,
Beyond the midnight and the dark,
Sail on, sail on, O happy barque,
Into the dawn of that To-morrow
Where hearts shall find the end of sorrow
And Love shall find its own!

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